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guished in arts and letters, regardless of their political opinions; thus honoring with a distinct recognition the genius and talent of Ireland.

Of this mark of favor to my country, which you, my Lord, are the first to have instituted, I, for one, profess myself proud; and as some of the following songs relate to my native land, they may the more fitly be offered as a heartfelt homage to your Lordship from a grateful Irishman.

I have the honor to be,

Your Lordship's obliged and faithful servant,

SAMUEL LOVER.

PREFACE

PREFACE TO THE AMERICAN EDITION.

Songs having the great fortune of being popular in America, appeared in different shapes, at different times and [illegible] of a London edition of my "Songs and Ballads," they have been republished in this country, different of the [illegible] "Lady Alice," and "Treasured Trove," and having [illegible] from my "Irish Evenings."

[illegible] edition, considering all these, I have [illegible] Songs of my "Irish Evenings," many of [illegible] for the first time. In fact, the [illegible] the exception, being [illegible] of my songs published, even in Europe, [illegible] of my political works in this country [illegible] through typographical correction [illegible]

[illegible] ANTHONY [illegible]

[illegible]

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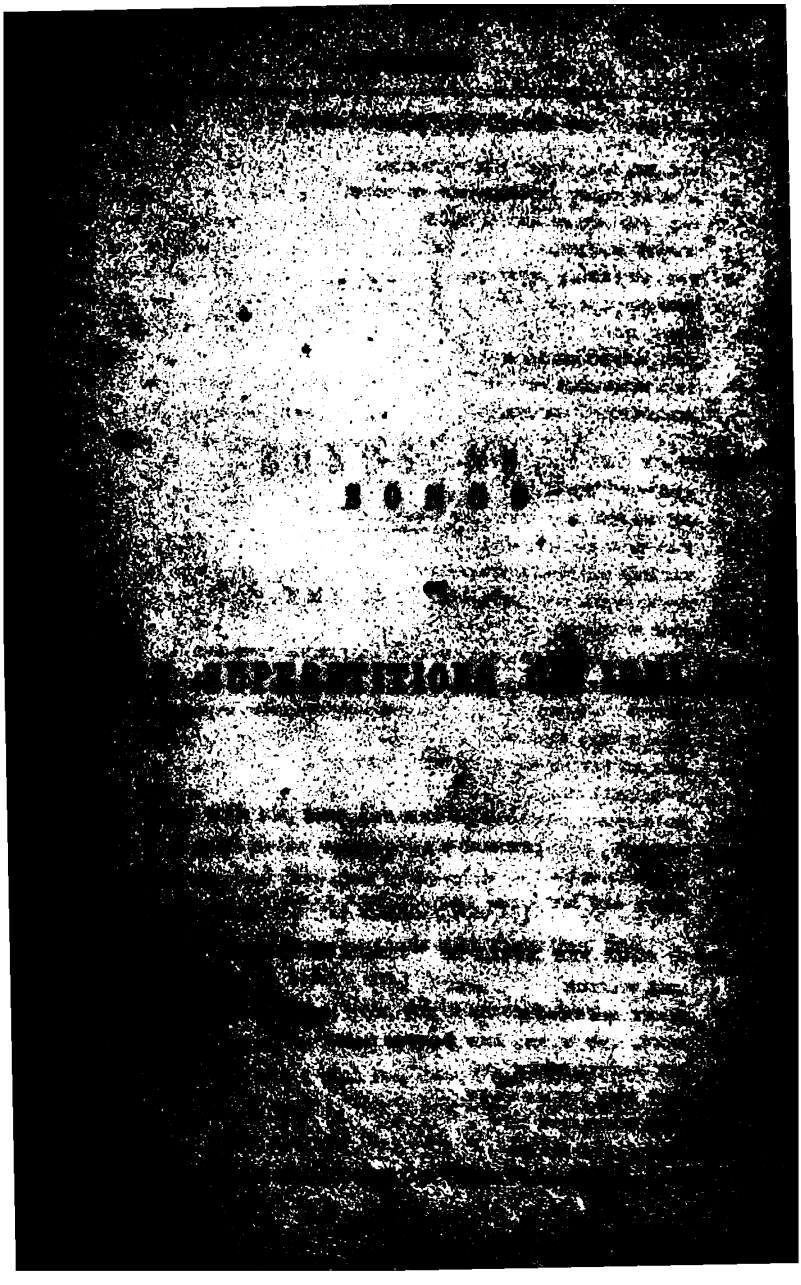

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THE MAY-DEW.

Come with me, love, I'm seeking
A spell in the young year's dawning;
The magical May-dew is weeping
In silence over the sweetness [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

Haste, or the spell will be missing,
We seek in the May-dew now;
For soon the warm sun will be kissing
The bright drops from blossom and bough:
And the charm is so tender the May-dew sheds
O'er the wild flowers' delicate dyes,
That e'en at the touch of the sunbeam, 'tis said,
The mystical influence flies.

Oh come with me, love, I'm seeking
A spell in the young year's flowers;
The magical May-dew is weeping
Its charm o'er the summer bow'rs.

Why sought you not the silent bower,
The bower, nor hawthorn tree,
Why came you not at evening hour,
Why came you not to me?
Say, does thy heart beat colder now,
Oh! tell me, truly tell,
Then when you kiss'd my blushing brow,
When last you said "Farewell!"

III.

Oh say, was this foreboding truth?
And wilt thou break thy vow?
And wilt thou blight my op'ning youth?
And must I—must I now
Meet death's embrace for that chaste kiss,
That holy kiss you vow'd?
And must I, for my bridal dress,
Be mantled in the shroud!

"Now, Rory, I'll cry, if you don't let me go;
Sure I dream ev'ry night that I'm hating you so!"
"Oh!" says Rory, "that same I'm delighted to hear,
For dhrames always go by conthraries, my dear.
Oh! jewel, keep dhraming that same till you die,
And bright morning will give dirty night the black lie!
And 'tis plased that I am, and why not, to be sure!
Since 'tis all for good luck," says bold Rory O'More.

GOOD OMENS.

"Arrah, Kathleen, my darlint, you've teazed me enough,
And I've thrash'd for your sake Dinny Grimes and Jim Duff;
And I've made myself, drinking your health, quite a baste,
So I think, after that, I may talk to the priest."
Then Rory, the rogue, [illegible]
So soft and so white, [illegible]
And he look'd in her eyes [illegible]
[illegible]

"Now, Rory, I'll cry, if you don't let me go:
Sure I dream ev'ry night that I'm hating you so!"
"Oh!" says Rory, "that same I'm delighted to hear,
For *dhraunes* always go by *conthrairies*, my dear.
Oh! jewel, keep dhraming that same till you die,
And bright morning will give dirty night the black lie!
And 'tis plazed that I am, and why not, to be sure?
Since 'tis all for good luck," says bold Rory O'More.

III.

"Arrah, Kathleen, my darlint, you've teazed me enough,
Now I've thrash'd for your sake Dinny Grimes and Jim Duff;
I've made myself, drinking your health, quite a *baste*,
I think, after that, I may *talk to the priest*."*
Then Rory, the rogue, stole his arm round her neck,
So fair and so white, without freckle or speck,
And he look'd in her eyes that were beaming with light,
And he kiss'd her sweet lips—don't you think he was right?
"Now, Rory, leave off, sir—you'll hug me no more,
That eight times to-day you have kissed me before."
"Then here goes another," says he, "to make sure,
Throw luck in odd numbers," says Rory O'More.

* Paddy's mode of [illegible] to name the day.

THE ANGEL'S WHISPER.

A BABY was sleeping,
Its mother [illegible]

HEBREW MUSEUM

The dawn of the morning
Saw Dermot returning,
And the wife wept with joy her babe's father to see;
And closely caressing
Her child, with a blessing,
Said, "I knew that the angels were whispering with thee."

THE MORNING DREAM.

All the eyes of the night
Shall be closed,
Ere I know the quenching darkness
Of truth in a sober light.

I saw thee, smiling,
And light beguiling
Heaven's soft from thine eye of thine;
As in a dream,
You could have seen,

For soon, my waking
The soft spell breaking,
I found fancy false as you;
'Twas darkness round me—
The night-dream bound me—
And I knew the dream was then untrue.

Again I slumber'd,
And woes unnumber'd
Weigh'd on my aching heart;
Thy smile had vanish'd,
And I was banish'd!—
For ever doom'd to part.
From sleep I started,
All broken-hearted;
The morn shone as bright as you!
The lark's sweet singing
My heart's knell ringing,—
For I knew the morning dream was true.

THE FAIRY TEMPTER.

Thus whisper'd a Fairy to tempt the fair girl,
But vain was his promise of gold and of pearl;
For she said, "Tho' thy gifts to a poor girl were dear,
My Father, my Mother, my Sisters are here.
Oh! what would be
Thy gifts to me
Of Earth, and Sea, and Air,
If my heart were not there?"

THE FOUR-LEAVED SHAMROCK
THE NEW MOON.

[illegible]

THE FOUR-LEAVED SHAMROCK.

A four-leaved Shamrock is of such rarity that it is supposed to endue the finder with [illegible]

I'll seek a four-leaved shamrock in all the fairy dells,
And if I find the charmed leaves, oh, how I'll weave my spells!
I would not waste my magic might on diamond, pearl, or gold,
Or treasure that the weary sense,—such triumph is but cold;
I would play th' enchanter's part, in casting bliss around,—
No tear, nor aching heart, should in the world be found.

The worth I would give hence I—I'd dry the mourner's tears,
And to the pallid lip would the smile of happier years,
And hearts that had been long estranged, and friends that had grown cold,
Would meet again—like parted streams—and mingle as of old!
Thus I'd play th' enchanter's part, thus scatter bliss around,
Nor tears, nor aching heart, should in the world be found!

The heart that has been mourning o'er vanished dreams of love,
Should see them all returning,—like Noah's faithful dove,
And Hope should launch her blessed bark on Sorrow's dark'ning sea,
And Mis'ry's children have an Ark, and saved from sinking be;
Oh! thus I'd play th' enchanter's part, thus scatter bliss around,
And not a tear, nor aching heart, should in the world be found!

THE CHARM.

[illegible] may be found in a valley opening to the West, which happens [illegible] of showing the situation of the poem to which it is prefixed, [illegible] the reader the scene of passing events.

[illegible] there's a secret charm which lies
[illegible] wild flow'ret's bell,
[illegible] in a vale where the West wind sighs,
[illegible] where secrets best might dwell;
[illegible] who can find the fairy flowers,
[illegible] possess that might grant a dower,
[illegible] they can vie with the sofest powers,
[illegible] they would make their own.

[illegible] one half'd in the [illegible]
[illegible] girl that her lover [illegible]
[illegible]

I've sought it by day, from morn till eve,
  I've won it—in dreams at night;
And then how I grieve, my couch to leave,
  And sigh at the morning's light.
Yet sometimes I think, in a hopeful hour,
  The blissful moment I yet may see,
To win the fair flower from the fairy's bower,
  And give it, love—to thee.

THE FALLING STAR.

[illegible] with expression which we see a star falling is [illegible]

I saw a star that was falling,
Ferish'd the wish of my soul,
My heart on its influence calling
To shed all its gentle control.
Hope whisper'd my wish would be granted,
And Fancy soon waved her bright wand,
My heart in sweet ecstacy panted,
As the visions were smiling beyond.
Oh! like the meteors,—sweeping,
Their darksome their luminous way,
[illegible] pleasures too worthless for keeping,
[illegible] dancing, but dancing to stay.

Like those two stars in the heaven,
  Are the joys that are false and are true,
I felt as a lesson 'twas given,
  And thought, my own true Love, of you.
When I saw the star that was beaming,
  Steady and stilly and bright,
Unwearied its sweet watch 'twas seeming
  To keep through the darkness of night.

THE FAIRY BOY.

[illegible] place and time, the Irish peasant believes the healthy infant [illegible] stolen, and a sickly elf left in its place.

[illegible] midnight came, when stars were paling,
[illegible] wailing round a lonely spring,
[illegible] she cried while tears were falling,
[illegible] calling on the Fairy King:
[illegible] say, with spells my child caressing,
[illegible] charming him with fairy joy,
[illegible] destroy a mother's blessing,
[illegible] stealing sickly baby boy?

[illegible]

"But in vain my plaintive calling,
Tears are falling all in vain,
He now sports with fairy pleasure,
He's the treasure of their train!
Fare thee well! my child, for ever,
In this world I've lost my joy,
But in the *next* we ne'er shall sever,
There I'll find my angel boy."

THE LETTER.

[illegible] attached to the wick of a candle, is considered to indicate the [illegible] [illegible] whom it burns.

[illegible] thee well, Love, now thou art going
Over the wild and trackless sea;
[illegible] be its waves, and fair the wind blowing
Tho' 'tis to bear thee far from me.
[illegible] when on the waste of ocean,
[illegible] happy home-bound bark you see,
[illegible] by the truth of thy heart's devotion,
[illegible] a letter back to me.

[illegible] of the shore thou'st left behind thee,
[illegible] when watching a brighter strand;
[illegible]

And while dwelling in lands of pleasure,
  Think, as you bask in their bright sunshine,
That while the ling'ring time I measure,
  Sad and wintry hours are mine;
Lonely by my taper weeping,
  And watching, the spark of promise to see;
All for that bright spark, my night watch keeping,
  For oh! *'tis* a letter, Love, from thee!
To say that soon thy sail will be flowing,
  Homeward to bear thee over the sea;
Calm be the waves and swift the wind blowing,
  For oh! thou *art* coming back to me!

Legendary Ballads

and

MISCELLANEOUS SONGS

LEGENDARY BALLADS.

[illegible] LOVE CAN NE'ER FORGET.

[illegible] Garden, the Irish lass, then when [illegible] after the lapse [illegible], he recognized his first love by the mark of her hand. The lady's name [illegible] Dublin; and though not a pretty maiden, it [illegible] to be [illegible], as belonging [illegible] who could inspire such [illegible].

"True love can ne'er forget
Fondly as when we met,
Dearest, I love thee yet,
My darling Ann!"
Thus sang a sailor gay
He sweet impassion'd lay,
Sitting by the ocean's spray,
At eve of [illegible]

[illegible]

"Long years are past and o'er,
Since from this fatal shore,
Cold hearts and cold winds bore
My love from me."
Scarcely the minstrel spoke,
When quick, with flashing stroke,
A boat's light oar the silence broke
Over the sea;
Soon upon her native strand
Doth a lovely lady land,
While the minstrel's love-taught hand
Did o'er his wild harp run;
"True love can ne'er forget,
Fondly as when we met,
Dearest, I love thee yet,
My darling one!"

Where the minstrel sat alone,
There, that lady fair hath gone,
Within his hand she placed her own,
The bard dropp'd on his knee;
From his lip soft blessings came,
He kiss'd her hand with truest flame,
In trembling tones he named—*her* name,
Though her he could not see;
But oh!—the touch the bard could tell
Of that dear hand, remember'd well,
Ah!—by many a secret spell
Can true love find his own!
For true love can ne'er forget,
Fondly as when they met;
He loved his lady yet,
His darling one.

THE BLARNEY.

[illegible] situated at the [illegible] of Blarney, [illegible] the county of Cork, [illegible] which said to impart the gift of persuasion. Near the place, applied [illegible] speech,—"You've kissed the Blarney Stone."

[illegible] did you ne'er hear of "the Blarney"
[illegible] found near the banks of Killarney?
Believe it from me,
No girl's heart is free,
[illegible] the sweet sound of the Blarney.
[illegible] the Blarney's so great a charmer,
[illegible] a girl thinks you're fond, though you hate her;
And never finds out
All the tricks [illegible]
[illegible] that's going [illegible]

[illegible] say, would you [illegible] a Blarney?
[illegible] Killarney?
On the top of the hill
Stand the castle of old Blarney,
[illegible] a stone that contains all the Blarney.
[illegible]
If you kiss it [illegible]
[illegible] that Blarney [illegible]
[illegible]

THE HAUNTED SPRING.

Still said, they have the power to assume various shapes, for the purpose of luring mortals into Fairy-land. Hunters seem to have been particularly the objects of the lady fairies' fancies.

GAILY through the mountain glen
The hunter's horn did ring,
As the milk-white doe
Escaped his bow,
Down by the haunted spring;
In vain his silver horn he wound,—
'Twas echo answer'd back;
For neither groom nor baying hound
Were on the hunter's track;
In vain he sought the milk-white doe
That made him stray, and 'scaped his bow,
For, save himself, no living thing
Was by the silent haunted spring.

The purple heath-bells, blooming fair,
Their fragrance round did fling,
As the hunter lay,
At close of day,
Down by the haunted spring.

A lady fair, in robe of white,
To greet the hunter came;
She kiss'd a cup with jewels bright,
And pledged him by his name;
"Oh Lady fair," the hunter cried,
"Be thou my love, my blooming bride,
A bride that well might grace a king!
Fair lady of the haunted spring."

In the fountain clear, she stoop'd,
And forth she drew a ring;
And that bold knight
His faith did plight,
Down by the haunted spring.
But since the day his chase did stray,
The hunter sa'er was seen;
And legends tell, he now doth dwell
Within the hills so green.*
But still the milk-white doe appears,
And wakes the peasant's evening fears,
While distant bugles faintly ring
Around the lonely haunted spring.

* Fays and fairies are supposed to have their dwelling place within the green hills.

NED OF THE HILL.

Many legends are extant of this romantic minstrel freebooter, whose predatory achievements sometimes extended to the hearts of the gentle sex.

Dark is the evening and silent the hour:
Who is the minstrel by yonder lone tow'r?
His harp all so tenderly touching with skill,
Oh, who should it be but Ned of the Hill!
Who, sings "Lady love, come to me now,
Come and live merrily under the bough,
And I'll pillow thy head,
Where the fairies tread,
If thou wilt but wed with Ned of the Hill!"

Ned of the Hill has no castle nor hall,
Nor spearmen nor bowmen to come at his call;
But one little archer, of exquisite skill,
Has shot a bright shaft for Ned of the Hill,
Who sings, "Lady love, come to me now,
Come and live merrily under the bough,
And I'll pillow thy head,
Where the fairies tread,
If thou wilt but wed with Ned of the Hill."

"'Tis hard to escape from that fair lady's bower,
For high is the window, and guarded the tower,
"But there's always a *way* where there is a *will*,"
So Ellen is *off* with Ned of the Hill!
Who sings, "Lady love, thou art mine now!
We will live merrily under the bough,
And I'll pillow thy head,
Where the fairies tread,
For Ellen is Bride to Ned of the Hill!"

THE TRYSTING TREE.

Now the golden sun has set,
  And I am at the trysting tree,
Dearest, you will not forget
  That here to meet you promised me.
Now is ev'ry flower closing,
  Falling is the ev'ning dew,
Birds are with their mates reposing;
  Where, my true Love, where are you?

Darkness is around descending:
  See the lovely ev'ning star,
Like a brilliant page, attending
  On the young moon's silver car!
While together thus they wander
  Through the silent summer sky;
So on earth, less bright, but fonder,
  Dearest, so will you and I.

MEMORY AND HOPE.

Oft have I mark'd, as o'er the sea
We've swept before the wind,
That those whose hearts were on the shore
Cast longing looks behind;
While they, whose hopes have elsewhere been,
Have watch'd with anxious eyes,
To see the hills that lay before,
Faint o'er the waters rise.

'Tis thus, as o'er the sea of life
Our onward course we track,
That anxious sadness looks behind,
The happy still look back;
Still smiling on the course they've pass'd,
As calmest of the rest,—
'Tis Hope's the charm of wretchedness,
While Memory wooes the blest.

CAN'T YOU GUESS?

Can't you guess why your friends all accuse you
Of moping, and pleasing the less?
And why nothing in life can amuse you?
Can't you guess? can't you guess? can't you guess?
And why now your slumbers are broken,
By dreams that your fancy possess,
In which a sweet name is oft spoken,
Can't you guess?

Can't you guess why you always are singing
The songs that we heard the last spring?
Do you think of their musical ringing,
Or how sweetly the *Captain* can sing?
With him you were always duetting,
And your solos were singing the less;
Now which is the best for coquetting?
Can't you guess?

[illegible] incident scarce worth repeating,
[illegible] people, you know, dear, will talk;
[illegible] strange how you *always* are meeting
With—*some one you know*, when you walk.
You are fond of the grove,—'tis so shady,
Besides 'tis frequented the less:
Is a tête, there, best told to a lady?—
But if you won't tell,—I can guess!

BEAUTY AND TIME.

THEY met Beauty one day in her garden,
  Where roses were blooming fair;
Time and Beauty were never good friends,
  So she wonder'd what brought him there.
Poor Beauty exclaim'd, with a sorrowful air,
"I request, Father Time, my sweet roses you'll spare,"
For Time was going to mow them all down,
While Beauty exclaim'd, with her prettiest frown,
  "Fie, Father Time!"

"Well," said Time, "at least let me gather
  A few of your roses here,
'Tis part of my pride, to be always supplied
  With such roses, the whole of the year."
Poor Beauty consented, tho' half in despair;
And Time, as he went, ask'd a lock of her hair,
And as he stole the soft ringlet so bright,
He vow'd 'twas for love, but she knew 'twas for spite
  Oh fie, Father Time!

[illegible] —and left Beauty in tears;
[illegible] tell tale, the world well knows,
[illegible] to all, of the fair lady's fall,
And blew'd the lost ringlet and rose.
[illegible] was poor Beauty to find that her fame
[illegible] ruin'd,—tho' she was in no wise to blame,
[illegible] droop'd like some flow'r that is torn from its elms,
And her friends all mysteriously said,—"*It was Time.*"
Oh fie, Father Time!

THE CHILD AND THE GOSSAMER.

A SUNBEAM was playing thro' flow'rs that hung
  Round a casement, that look'd to the day,
And its bright touch waken'd a child, who sung
  As it woke, and began its play;
And it play'd with the gossamer beam that shed
  Its fairy brightness around its head:
Oh 'twas sweet to see that child so fair,
  At play with the dazzling things of air.

Oh ne'er was a lovelier plaything seen,
  To childhood's simplicity given,
It seem'd like a delicate link between
  The creatures of earth and heaven:
But the sunbeam was cross'd by an angry cloud,
  And the gossamer died in the shadowy shroud,
And the child look'd sad, when the bright things fled,
  And its smile was gone—and its tears were shed.

Oh gentle child, in thy infant play,
An emblem of life hast thou seen;
For joys are like sunbeams,—more fleeting than they,
And sorrows cast shadows between;
And friends that in moments of brightness are won,
Like gossamer, only are seen—in the sun.
Oh! many a lesson of sadness may
Be learn'd, from a joyous child at play.

THE FOUNTAIN AND THE FLOWER.

A gentle flow'r of pallid hue,
Beside a sportive fountain grew,
And as the streamlet murmur'd by,
Methought the flow'ret seem'd to sigh,
"Yes, you may speed, in sparkling track,
Your onward course, nor e'er come back,
And murmur still your flattering song,
To ev'ry flower you glide along,"
And Fancy said, in tender dream,
"The flow'r is Woman, Man the stream."

And Fancy still, in fev'rish dream,
Pursued the course of that wild stream,
O'er rocks and falls all heedless cast,
And in the ocean lost at last:
"Glide on," methought the flow'ret cried,
"Bright streamlet, in thy sparkling pride;
And when thro' deserts far you roam,
Perchance you'll sigh for early home,
And, sorrowing, think of that pale flow'r,
You hurried by at morning hour."

LISTEN.

How sweet 'tis to listen when some one may tell
Of the friend that we love and remember so well,
While, midst the soft pleasure, we wonder if thus
The friend so beloved ever thinks upon us;
While the eye with the dew of affection may glisten,
How sweet to the praise of the loved one to listen!

Sweet, sweet 'tis to listen!

How sweet 'tis to listen when soft music floats
O'er the calm lake below, in some favorite boat,
Whose intervals sweet waken slumbering thought,
And we listen—altho' not quite sure that we ought;
While the soul-melting moonlight o'er calm waters glistens,
How sweet, but how fatal it may be to listen!

Sweet, sweet 'tis to listen!

How sweet 'tis to listen, [illegible]
To [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
While in eloquent [illegible]
[illegible] what you say, and [illegible] you listen.

Take care, how you listen—take care!

UNDER THE ROSE.

If a secret you'd keep there is one I could tell,
Though I think, from my eyes, you might guess it as well,
But as it might ruffle another's repose,
Like a thorn let it be;—that is—under the rose.

As Love, in the garden of Venus, one day,
Was sporting where he was forbidden to play,
He feared that some Sylph might his mischief disclose,
So he slily concealed himself—under a rose.

Where the likeness is found to thy breath and thy lips,
Where honey the sweetest the summer bee sips,
Where Love, timid Love, found the safest repose,
There our secret we'll keep, dearest,—under the rose.

The maid of the East a fresh garland may wreathe,
To tell of the passion she dares not to breathe:
Thus, in *many* bright flowers she her flame may disclose,
But in *one* she finds secresy;—under the rose.

MY DARK-HAIR'D GIRL.

My dark-hair'd girl, thy ringlets deck;
Hang silken curl, thy graceful neck;
Thy neck is like the swan, and fair as the pearl,
And light as air the step is of my dark-hair'd girl!

My dark-hair'd girl, upon thy lip,
The dainty bee might wish to sip,
For thy lip it is the rose, and thy teeth they are pearl,
And diamond is the eye of my dark-hair'd girl!

My dark-hair'd girl, I've promised thee,
And thou thy faith hast given to me,
And oh! I would not change for the crown of an earl,
The pride of being loved by my dark-hair'd girl!

I THINK OF THEE.

I LOVE to roam at night
By the deep sea,
When the pale moon is bright,
And think of thee:
And as the beacon's light
Gleams o'er the sea,
Shedding its guardian light,
I think of thee.

When o'er some flow'ry ground
Night winds breathe free,
Wafting fresh fragrance round,
I think of thee!
Then, if some trembling star
Beaming I see,
Brighter than others far!—
I think of thee.

Though, love, by fate forbid
Thou art to me,
Yet, like a treasure hid,
I think of thee;
And though thy plighted kiss
Mine ne'er can be,
Next is the secret bliss
To *think* of thee!

DIVIDED LOVE.

When Love o'er the warm heart is stealing
His mystic, his magical chain,
How wild is the transport of feeling,
We scarce can call pleasure or pain!
Till 'midst the bright joys that surround us,
Our bondage we tremble to see;—
But so closely his fetters have bound us,
We struggle in vain to be free!

As vain is the hope of retreating
From peril that lurks in the eyes,
When glances too frequent are meeting,
And sighs are re-echoed by sighs;
When thus, with two hearts that are tender,
The folly so equal hath been,
'Tis meet that they *both* should surrender,
And share the soft bondage between.

YES AND NO.

THESE are two little words that we use,
  Without thinking from whence they both came,
But if you will list to my muse,
  The birth-place of each I will name:
The one came from Heaven, to bless,
  The other was sent from below:
What a sweet little angel is "Yes!"
  What a demon-like dwarf is that "No!"

And "No" has a friend he can bid
  To aid all his doings as well,
In the delicate sneh it lies hid
  That [illegible]
[illegible]
  Which darkens [illegible]
[illegible] like a lent to [illegible]
  [illegible] give you [illegible]

But "YES" has a twin-sister sprite,—
  'Tis a SMILE you will easily guess,—
That sheds a more heavenly light
  On the doings of dear little "YES;"
Increasing the charm of the lip
  That is going some lover to bless,
Oh sweet is the exquisite smile
  That dimples and plays around "Yes."

NEW YORK.

I LEAVE YOU TO GUESS.*

There's a lad that I know; and I know that he
Speaks softly to me
The *cushla-ma-chree*.
He's the pride of my heart, and he loves me well,
But who the lad is,—I'm not going to tell.

He's as straight as a rush, and as bright as the moon
That around it doth gloom,
Oh! of him how I dream;
I'm as high as his shoulder—the way that I know
He's taught me one day, just my measure to show.

He whispered a question and I'm my ear;
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

* From [illegible]

His eyes they are bright, and they looked so kind
When I was inclined
To speak my mind.
And his breath is so sweet—oh, the rose's is less,
And how I found it out,—why, I leave you to guess.

[illegible]

OH! ONCE I HAD LOVERS.

Oh! once I had lovers in plenty,
When a cottage I liv'd in the glen;
[illegible] where I was [illegible]
How happy the moments flew then!
That Winter I ne'er could discover,
For Love brighten'd Time's cloudy wing;
Oh! when ev'ry new month brought a lover,
The year it seem'd always like Spring.
But [illegible]
Since Cupid's more delicate pinions
Could never keep up with [illegible]
So the grey-beard [illegible]
I [illegible] the [illegible]
Then gather, when morning is shining,
[illegible] while the bright [illegible]

[illegible]

THE LAND OF THE WEST.*

Oh! come to the West, love—oh! come there with me;
'Tis a sweet land of verdure that springs from the sea,
Where fair Plenty smiles from her emerald throne;
Oh, come to the West, and I'll make thee my own!
I'll guard thee, I'll tend thee, I'll love thee the best,
And you'll say there's no land like the land of the West!

The South has its roses and bright skies of blue,
But ours are more sweet with love's own changeful hue—
Half sunshine, half tears,—like the girl I love best,
Oh! what is the South to the beautiful West!
Then come to the West, and the rose on thy mouth
Will be sweeter to me than the flow'rs of the South!

The North has its snow-tow'rs of dazzling array,
All sparkling with gems in the ne'er-setting day;
There the Storm-King may dwell in the halls he loves best,
But the soft-breathing Zephyr he plays in the West.
Then come there with me, where no cold wind doth blow,
And thy neck will seem fairer to me than the snow!

* From the novel of Rory O'More.

[illegible] the gorgeous East chasteth the night
[illegible] the dawn, refreshed in his glory and might,
[illegible] doth he go when he seeks his sweet rest?
[illegible] doth he not haste to the beautiful West?
[illegible] there with me; 'tis the land I love best,
[illegible] land of my sires!—'tis my own darling West!

THE WIND AND THE WEATHERCOCK.*

The summer Wind lightly was playing
  Round the battlement high of the tow'r,
Where a Vane, like a lady, was staying,
  A lady vain perch'd in her bow'r.
To peep round the corner the sly Wind would try:
But vanes, you know, never look in the wind's eye;
  And so she kept turning shily away:—
  Thus they kept playing all through the day.

The summer Wind said, "She's coquetting;"
  But each belle has her points to be found:
Before evening, I'll venture on betting,
  She will not then *go* but *come* round!
So he tried from the east and he tried from the west,
And the north and the south, to try which was best;—
  But still she kept turning shily away:—
  Thus they kept playing all through the day.

* From the novel of Rory O'More

[illegible] her hard heart to soften,
He said, "You're a flirt, I am sure;
But if vainly you're changing so often,
No lover you'll ever secure."
"Sweet sir," said the Vane, "it is you who begin,
When you change so often, in me 'tis no sin;
If you cease to flutter, and steadily sigh,
And only be constant—I'm sure so will I."

SLEEP, MY LOVE.*

Sleep, my love—sleep, my love,
Wake not to weep, my love,
Though thy sweet eyes are all hidden from me:
Why shouldst thou waken to sorrows like mine, love,
While thou may'st, in dreaming, taste pleasure divine, love.
For blest are the visions of slumbers like thine, love—
So sleep thee, nor know who says, "Farewell to thee!"

Sleep, my love—sleep, my love,
Wake not to weep, my love,
Though thy sweet eyes are all hidden from me:
Hard 'tis to part without one look of kindness,
Yet sleep more resembles fond love, in its blindness,
And thy look would enchain me again; so I find less
Of pain, to say, "Farewell, sweet slumb'rer, to thee!"

* From the novel of Rory O'More.

THE STAR OF THE DESERT.

OH SHE IS A BRIGHT-EYED THING!

Oh, she is a bright-eyed thing!
And her glances, wildly playing,
While they radiance round her fling,
Set my loving fancy straying,
Where to find a thing so bright:
'Tis not in the diamond's light;
The jewels of the richest mine
Half so brilliantly may not shine:—
For gems are cold, and cannot vie
With living light from beauty's eye!

Oh, she is a bright-lip'd thing!
And her mouth, like budding roses,
Fragrance all around doth fling
When its matchless arch unclosses;
With a voice, whose silver tone
Makes the raptured listener own
It may be true that poets tell,
That nightingales 'mid roses dwell;
For every word she says to me
Sounds like sweetest melody!

NATIVE MUSIC.

Oh, native music! beyond comparing
The sweetest far on the ear that falls,
Thy gentle numbers the heart remembers,
Thy strains enchain us in tender thralls.
Thy [illegible]
Or sad [illegible]
The absent soothe on a foreign shore!
Oh! Who can tell
What a holy spell
Is in the song of our native lay!

The proud and lowly, the [illegible]
The lover, kneeling at beauty's shrine,
The bard who [illegible]
All, all [illegible]
The mother [illegible]
[illegible]
Will [illegible]
The [illegible]

THE POOR BLIND BOY.

A MAID, with a heart that could feel,
  Met a poor little beggar one day,
Who, in strains full of woe, did appeal
  As he wander'd alone by the way;
A light hazel wand in his hand,
  He in finding his way did employ,
As he cried, "Oh pity, pity,
  Oh pity the poor blind boy!

With a tear she bestowed him relief,
  And, sighing, she turned to depart;
When the boy, with the air of a thief,
  Cried, "Stand, and deliver—your heart!"
His staff was soon changed to a bow,
  Which, we know, is a dangerous toy,
In the hands of a certain urchin,
  Who, they say, is a poor blind boy.

This beggar-boy, bold in his theft,
Stole her heart and bewildered her head,
And the maiden in anguish he left,
For his rage turned to wings—and he fled:
So, ladies, beware of all youths
Who begging petitions employ,
And cry, "Pity, pity, pity,
Oh, pity your poor blind boy!"

NEVER DESPAIR.

Oh never despair, for our hopes oftentime
Spring swiftly as flow'rs in some tropical clime,
Where the spot that was barren and scentless at night
Is blooming and fragrant at morning's first light;
The mariner marks where the tempest sings loud
That the rainbow is brighter the darker the cloud,
Then up! up! Never despair!

The leaves which the Sybil presented of old,
Tho' lessen'd in number were not worth less gold;
And tho' Fate steal our joys, do not think they're the best,
The few she has spared may be worth all the rest;
Good-fortune oft comes in Adversity's form,
And the rainbow is brightest when darkest the storm,
Then up! up! Never despair!

And when all creation was sunk in the flood,
Sublime o'er the deluge the Patriarch stood;
Tho' destruction around him in thunder was hurl'd,
Undaunted he looked on the wreck of the world;
For high o'er the ruin hung Hope's blessed form,
The rainbow beamed bright thro' the gloom of the storm,
Then up! up! Never despair!

THE CONVENT BELLE.

There once was a novice, as I've heard tell,
A novice of some renown,
Whose raven hair in ringlets fell
O'er his yet unshaven crown;
But his vows as yet he had never said,
Except to a blooming blue-eyed maid,
And she had never confessed, till now,
To this novice, who yet had not made his vow,
So pious she grew, that early and late,
She was tapping, alone, at the convent gate;
And so often she went her sins to tell,
That the villagers called her the Convent Belle.
Ding dong,
My song,
My song's of a Convent Belle.

But then, suspicion began to spread,
So the cowl he cast from his curly head,
The maiden he wedded next morning tide,
And his penitent pale was his blooming bride!
The Prior he stormed at the bridegroom meek,
Who answered him, fast,—with a smile on his cheek,
"Good father, indeed I have acted well,—
I was only *ringing* the Convent Belle."

Ding dong,
My song,
My song's of a Convent Belle.

OH! DON'T YOU REMEMBER?

Oh! don't you remember the beautiful glade,
Where in childhood together we playfully stray'd,
Where wreaths of wild flowers to deck I made,
Thy tresses so brightly adorning?
Oh, light of joy and heart were thine,
The happy children of the glen—
The scents that shade the bloom of mine
Never darken childhood's morning.

Oh! who can forget the joyous innocent hours
That were passed in the shade of our home's happy bow'rs,
When the world that we sought for vainly did lour,
And we thought it and sighed, when we found them?
Oh! where's the sin that friends o'er joyous
So free from care, so gay, so
My own, my
As links the
By
And in
While
We
Then—in the lovely Land of Dreams.

* * *

* Near the canal at Long Mare.

THE LAND OF DREAMS.*

There is a land where Fancy's twining
Her flowers around life's faded tree;
Where light is ever softly shining,
Like sunset o'er a tranquil sea;
'Tis there thou dwell'st in beauty's brightness,
More fair than aught on earth e'er seems,
'Tis there my heart feels most of lightness,
There—in the lovely Land of Dreams.

'Tis there in groves I often meet thee,
And wander through the silent shade,
While I, in gentlest accents, greet thee,
My own, my sweet, my constant maid.
There, by some fountain fair, reposing,
While all around so tranquil seems,
We wait the golden evening's closing,
There—in the lovely Land of Dreams.

* From the novel of Rory O'More.

But when the touch of earthly waking
Hath broken slumber's sweetest spell,
Those fairy joys of fancy's making
Are in my heart remembered well.
The day, in all its sunshine splendor,
Less dear to me than midnight seems,
When visions shed a light more tender
Around the lovely Land of Dreams!

JESSIE.

Sweet Jessie was young and simple,
  And mirth beam'd in her eye,
And her smile made a rosy dimple
  Where love might wish to lie;
But when lovers were sighing after,
  And vowed she was matchless fair,
Her silver-sounding laughter,
  Said, love had not been there.

The summer had seen her smiling,
  'Mong flowers as fair as she,
But autumn beheld her sighing,
  When the leaves fell from the tree;
And the light of her eye was shaded,
  And her brow had a cast of care,
And the rose on her cheek was faded,
  For oh! love had been there.

When winter winds were blowing,
  She roved by the stormy shore,
And looked o'er the angry ocean,
  And shrunk at the breakers' roar;

And her sighs, and her tearful wonder,
At the perils that sailors dare,
In the storm and the battle's thunder,
Showed love was trembling there.

No ring is upon her finger,
And the raven locks are grey,
Yet traces of beauty linger,
Like the light of the parting day.
She looks, with a glance so tender,
On a locket of golden hair,
And a tear to his ship's defender,
Shows love's own dwelling there.

THE HOUR I PASS WITH THEE.

The hour I pass with thee, my love,
Doth yield this heart the most delight,
Oh! what on earth is half so bright
As hours I pass with thee?
And as the breeze, that fans the grove,
Is perfumed by the fragrant flowers,
So time can sweetness steal from hours
I pass, my love, with thee!

When Mem'ry o'er the distant past
Pursues her course, with weary wing
The only joys she back can bring,
Are hours I've passed with thee!
And when, through future time, as fast
Fond Fancy steers, with hopeful power,
Her leading star is still the hour
I've yet to pass with thee!

THE ARAB.

The interesting fact on which this ballad is founded, occurred to Mr. Burckhardt, the celebrated traveller, between Mount Sinai and Suez, on his overland return from India in 1815. He related the story to me shortly before his leaving England on his last fatal journey to Timbuctoo.

The noontide blaze on the desert fell,
As the traveller reached the wished-for well;
But vain was the hope that had cheered him on,
His hope in the desert—the wells—were gone.

Fainting, he called on the Holy Name,
And swift o'er the desert an Arab came,
And with him he brought of the blessed thing,
That failed the poor traveller at the spring.

"Drink!" said the Arab—"tho' I must fast,
For half of my journey is not yet past,
'Tis long ere my home and my children I see,
But the crystal treasure I'll share with thee."

"Nay," said the wanderer, "[illegible]
For thou hast more need than I;
And children hast thou [illegible]
[illegible] I am a lone one—[illegible]

"Drink!" said the Arab.—"My children shall see
Their father returning;—fear not for me:—
For HE who hath sent me to thee this day
Will watch over me on my desert way!"

AGUILAR
FREE LIBRARY,
NEW YORK.

THE SUNSHINE OF THE HEART.

AGUILAR BRANCH

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
No fiend of care
May enter there,
[illegible]
Her darkest powers all hour [illegible]
Bright sunshine of the heart!

[illegible]
How lovely all is made!
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

'TIS SWEET TO REMEMBER.

Oh! 'tis sweet to remember how brightly
The days o'er us swiftly have flown,
When the hearts that we prize beat as lightly,
And fed upon hopes like our own;
When with grief we were scarcely acquainted,
While joy was our own bosom friend;
Oh! days—wing'd too swiftly with pleasure,
Ye are past,—and our dream's at an end:
Yet 'tis sweet to remember!

The walks, where we've roam'd without tiring;
The songs—that together we've sung;
The jest—to whose merry inspiring
Our mingling of laughter hath rung.
Oh! trifles like these become precious
Embalm'd in the mem'ry of years!
The smiles of the past—so remember'd
How often they waken our tears!
Yet 'tis sweet to remember!

THE SLAVE TRADE.

Written at the period of the "Abolition" question.

When Venus first rose from the wave,
  Where of sea-foam they gracefully made her,
Three cheers for the goddess they gave
  As she launch'd, in her shell, the fair trader;
But she,—an insurgent by birth,
  Unfetter'd by legal or grave trade,
And defying our laws on the earth,
  So boldly embarked in the Slave Trade.

O'er the world, from the hour of her birth,
  She carried her Slave Trade victorious;
And then, to her daughters of earth
  Entrusted the privilege glorious:
"Unfetter'd," she cried, "never leave
  One slave to object to your brave trade,
While you stand to your colors, believe
  You may always indulge your Slave Trade!"

"Oh! 'tis glorious a heart to subdue,
By the conquering light of your glances:
By the smile that endangers a few,
And the sigh that whole dozens entrances.
Unbind not a link of the chain,
Stand by me each merry and grave maid;
Let senators thunder in vain—
The ladies will still have *their* Slave Trade!"

BRING ME THAT ANCIENT BOWL.

Bring me that ancient bowl of wine,
Bright as the ruby's blaze,
Around its brim methinks still shine
The smiles of former days!
And thus, while to my lip it beams
The treasures of the vine,
Deeply my soul the transport shares
From this old bowl of mine!

Bring me the harp, for memory's sake,
That harp of silent strings—
I long its slumbering chords to wake
In strains of [illegible]
And as I dreams [illegible]
In youth [illegible]—oh then,
Once more I feel my heart [illegible]
[illegible]

WHEN AND WHERE.

Written to a popular organ tune.

"Oh tell me when and tell me where
Am I to meet with thee, my fair?"
"I'll meet thee in the secret night,
When stars are beaming gentle light,
Enough for love, but not too bright
To tell who blushes there."

"You've told me *when*, now tell me *where*,
Am I to meet with thee, my fair?"
"I'll meet thee in that lovely place,
Where flow'rets dwell in sweet embrace,
And zephyr comes to steal a grace
To shed on the midnight air."

"You've told me when, and told me where,
But tell me *how* I'll know thou'rt there?"
"Thou'lt know it when I sing the lay
That wandering boys on organs play,
No lover, sure, can miss his way,
When led by this sighing air."

SOFT ON THE EAR.

Soft on the ear falls the serenade,
When the calm evening is closing;
Sweet are the echoes by music made,
When the lake is in moonlight reposing;
Hark, how the sound
Circles around,
As if each note of the measure
Was caught, as it fell,
In some Water-nymph's shell,
Who floated away with the treasure.
Soft on the ear, &c.

Soft on the ear falls the serenade
When the guest who the soft strain is breathing;
The spirit of song in more stealing made,
With the spirit of tenderness wreathing;
Oh, such the delight
To feel by night
When the stars twinkling
When thro' casements, half-open, is stealing
The soft serenade
To the half-waking maid,
Who sighs at each tender appealing.
Soft on the ear, &c.

'TWAS LOVING THEE TOO WELL.

Oh, frown not, lady, frown not so,
  On one whose heart is thine;
Let one kind word before I go,
  Let one kind look be mine!
An aching heart, while e'er I live,
  My fault shall deeply tell;
But oh!—'twas one *thou* might'st forgive—
  'Twas loving *thee* too well.

Oh! if that smile had been less sweet,
  That cheek less blooming been;
Those eyes less bright I used to meet,
  Or were those charms less seen;
Or if this heart had been too cold
  To feel thy beauty's spell,—
Thou ne'er hadst call'd thy slave too bold,
  For loving thee too well!

WHEN GENTLE MUSIC.

When gentle music's sounding—
Such as this;
'Tis sweet when friends surrounding
Share our bliss:
But love them as we may,
We love them less, when near,
Than when, through mem'ry's ray
We view them—far away.

When over deserts burning,
Far we roam,
'Tis sweet, at last, returning
To our home:
Be't happy as it may,
That home no bliss possess,
So fairy-bright, as those
We fancied when away.

And when fond hearts are meeting,
Beating high;
How sweet the brilliant greeting
Of the eye!
But tho' so bright its ray,
To lovers far more dear
Is the sad, the secret tear
Shed for one—who's far away.

HOW SWEET 'TIS TO RETURN.

How sweet, how sweet 'tis to return
Where once we've happy been,
Tho' paler now life's lamp may burn,
And years have roll'd between;
And if the eyes beam welcome yet
That wept our parting then,
Oh! in the smiles of friends thus met
We live whole years again!

They tell us of a fount that flows
In happier days of yore,
Whose waters bright fresh youth bestows
Alas! the fount is more.
But smiling Memory still supplies
Remembrance sweet and warm,
We sip the sweets of youthful joys
We [illegible]

SONG OF THE SPANISH PEASANT.

How oft have we met
Where the gay castanet
In the sprightly fandango was sounding;
Where no form seem'd so light,
Nor no eye beam'd so bright
As thine, my Lorença, to me;
Though many surrounding,
Were lovely as maidens might be,
In form and in face,—
Oh! they wanted the grace
That ever is playing round thee.

My pretty brunette,
Canst thou ever forget,
How I trembled, lest hope should deceive me?
When under the shade
By the orange grove made,
I whisper'd my passion to thee.
And oh Love! believe me,
Like that ever-blossoming tree,*
Thro' sunshine and shade,
In this heart, dearest maid,
Is love ever blooming for thee.

* The orange-tree blossoms through the whole year.

THE HAPPIEST TIME IS NOW.

TALK not to me of future bliss!
  Talk not to me of joys gone by!
For us, the happiest hour is this,
  When love bids time to fly.
The future—doubt may overcast,
  To shadow hope's young brow;
Oblivion's veil may shroud the past,
  The happiest time is now!

Tho' flowers, in spicy vases thrown,
  Some odor yet exhale;
Their fragrance, ere the bloom was flown,
  Breathed sweeter on the gale;
Like faded flowers, each parted bliss
  Let memory heap—but how
Can joy that's past be like to this?
  The happiest time is now!

Unmark'd our course before us lies
  O'er time's eternal tide;
And soon the sparkling ripple dies
  We raise, as on we glide;
Our barks the brightest bubbles fling
  For ever from their prow;—
Then let us gaily sail and sing,
  "The happiest time is now!"

THE SILENT FAREWELL.

In silence we parted, for neither could speak;
But the tremulous lip and the fast-fading cheek
To both were betraying what neither could tell—
How deep was the pang of that silent farewell.

There are signs—ah! the slightest, that love understands,
In the meeting of eyes—in the parting of hands;
In the quick-breathing sighs that of deep passion tell—
Oh! such were the signs of our silent farewell!

There's a language more glowing, love teaches the tongue,
Than poet e'er dreamed, or than minstrel e'er sung;
But oh! far beyond all such language could tell,
The love that was told in that silent farewell!

'TIS TIME TO FLY.

Beware the chain love's wreathing,
When some sweet voice you hear
Whose gentlest, simplest breathing
Is music to thine ear;
And when, in glances fleeting,
Some deep and speaking eye
With thine is often meeting,
Oh then—'tis time to fly!

If there be form of lightness
To which thine eyes oft stray,
Or neck of snowy brightness—
Remember'd—when away;
These symptoms love resemble,
And when some hand is nigh,
Whose touch doth make thee tremble,
Oh! then—'tis time to fly!

But if that voice of sweetness,
Like echo, still return;
And if that eye of brightness
With fascination burn;
To 'scape thou art not able,
No effort vainly try,
For, like the bird in fable,
Alas! thou canst not fly!

MOLLY CAREW.

Och hone! and what will I do?
Sure my love is all crost
Like a bud in the frost;
And there's no use at all in my going to bed,
For 'tis *dhrames* and not sleep that comes into my head,
And 'tis all about you,
My sweet Molly Carew—
And indeed 'tis a sin and a shame!
You're complater than Nature
In every feature,
The snow can't compare
With your forehead so fair,
And I rather would see just one blink of your eye
Than the prettiest star that shines out of the sky,
And by this and by that,
For the matter o' that,
You're more distant by far than that same!
Och hone! weirasthru!
I'm alone in this world without you.

Och hone! but why should I make
Of your forehead and eyes,
When your nose it defies
Paddy Blake, the schoolmaster, to put it in rhyme,
Tho' there's one Burke, he says, that would call it sublime,—
And then, for your cheek!
Troth, 'twould take him a week
Its beauties to tell, as he'd rather
Then your lips! oh, machree!
In their beautiful glow,
They a pattern might be
For the cherries to grow.
'Twas an apple that tempted our mother, we know,
For apples were *scarce*, I suppose, long ago,
But at this time o' day,
'Pon my conscience I'll say
Such cherries might tempt a man's father!
Och hone! weirasthru!
I'm alone in this world without you.

Och hone! by the man in the moon,
You *tease* me all ways
That a woman can plaze,
For you dance twice as high with that thief, Pat Magee,
As when you take share of a jig, dear, with me,
Tho' the piper I bate,
For fear the owld chate
Wouldn't play you your favorite tune.
And when you're at mass,
My devotion you crass,
For 'tis thinking of you
I am, Molly Carew,
While you wear, on purpose, a bonnet so deep,
That I can't at your sweet purty face get a peep.

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Oh lave off that bonnet,
Or else I'll lave on it,
The loss of my wandherin' sowl!
Och hone! weirasthru!
Och hone! like an owl,
Day is night, dear, to me, without you!

Och hone! don't provoke me to do it;
For there's girls by the score
That loves me—and more,
And you'd look very quare if some morning you'd meet
My wedding all marching in pride down the street,
'Troth, you'd open your eyes,
And you'd die with surprise
To think 'twasn't you was come to it!
And faith, Katty Naile,
And her cow, I go bail,
Would jump if I'd say,
"Katty Naile, name the day."
And tho' you're fair and fresh as a morning in May,
While she's short and dark like a cold winter's day,
Yet if you don't repent
Before Easter, when Lent
Is over I'll marry for spite!
Och hone! weirasthru!
And when I die for you,
My ghost will haunt you every night!

WOULD YOU KNOW WHO HAS MY VOW?

Would you know who has my vow,
  She who holds my heart in keeping,
Graceful as the willow-bough
  O'er the streamlet weeping;
With lips so bright, and teeth so white,
  And eyes that shame the stars at night,
  Should I tell her beauties right
  It would mar your sleeping!

Would you know who has my vow,
  She, whose voice, like echo, telling
That there is an answering part
  Within her young heart dwelling;
The softest sound that e'er did wake
  The echoes of some fairy lake,
Ne'er bore the breeze along the brake
  A sound so softly swelling!

Could you know who has my vow,
  You would wonder at my daring;
For, to grace so fair a brow,
  A crown is worth the sharing!
With step as light as mountain fawn,
And blush as lovely as the dawn,
No form by fancy ever drawn
  With her's can hold comparing!

MY GENTLE LUTE.

My gentle lute, alone with thee,
I wake thy saddest tone;
It seems as if thou mourn'st with me
For hours of gladness gone.
If, haply, 'mongst thy wailing strings
My finger lightly fall,
The vision of the past it brings—
Of days we can't recall.

My gentle lute, how oft have we
Beneath the moonlight ray,
To beauty's ear breath'd harmony
In many a love-taught lay!
But she who loved—and he who sung
Are changed, my lute, and thou
That oft to lays of love hath rung,
Must tell of sorrow now.

Some happier hand in future hours
May wake thy liveliest string,
And wreathe thee o'er, my lute, with flow'rs
As I did——in my spring.
But yield, till then, before we part,
Thy saddest tone to me,
And let thy mourning master's heart
An echo find in thee.

821
L29

THE ANGEL'S WING.

There is a German superstition, that when a sudden silence takes place in a company, an angel at that moment makes a circuit among them, and the first person who breaks the silence is supposed to have been touched by the wing of the passing angel. For the purposes of poetry, I thought two persons preferable to many, in illustrating this very beautiful superstition.

When by the evening's quiet light
  There sit two silent lovers,
They say, while in such tranquil plight,
  An angel round them hovers;
And further still old legends tell,—
The first who breaks the silent spell,
Tempt by a soft and pleasing thing,
Hath felt the passing Angel's wing.

Thus, a musing minstrel stray'd
  By the summer ocean,
Gazing on a lovely maid,
  With a bard's devotion:—
Yet this love he never spoke,
  Till now the silent spell he broke;
The hidden fire to flame did spring,
  Fann'd by the passing Angel's wing.

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"I have loved thee well and long,
With love of Heaven's own making!—
This is not a poet's song,
But a true heart's speaking,—
I will love thee, still, untired!"
He felt—he spoke—as one inspired—
The words did from Truth's fountain spring,
Upwaken'd by the Angel's wing!

Silence o'er the maiden fell,
Her beauty lovelier making;—
And by her blush, he knew full well
The dawn of love was breaking.
It came like sunshine o'er his heart!
He felt that they should never part,
She spoke—and oh!—the lovely thing
Had felt the passing Angel's wing.

WHO ARE YOU?

"There are very impudent people in London," said a country cousin of mine in NEW. "As I walked down the Strand, a fellow stared at me and shouted, 'Who are you?' Five minutes after, another, passing me, cried, 'Place up;'—but a civil gentleman, close to his heels, kindly asked, 'How is your mother?'"

"Who are you?—who are you?
Little boy that's running after
Every one up and down,
Mingling sighing with your laughter?"
"I am Cupid, lady Belle,
I am Cupid and no other."
"Little boy, then pr'ythee tell
How is Venus?—*How's your Mother?*
Little boy, little boy,
I desire you tell me true,
Cupid, oh! you're alter'd so,
No wonder I cry, *Who are you?*

Who are you?—who are you?
Little boy, where is your bow?
You had a bow, my little [illegible]
"[illegible] had you, ma'am,—[illegible]

"Little boy, where is your torch?"
"Madam, I have given it up:
Torches are no use at all,
Hearts will never now *flare up*."
"Naughty boy, naughty boy,
Such words as these I never knew:
Cupid, oh! you're alter'd so,
No wonder I say, *Who are you?*"

MARCH!

The Song of the Month, from Bentley's Miscellany for 1837

March, March!—Why the deil don't you march
Faster than other months out of your order?
You're a horrible beast, with the wind from the East,
And high-hopping hail and slight sleet on your border;
Now, our umbrellas spread, flutter above our head,
And will not stand to our arms in good order;
While, flapping and tearing, they set a man swearing,
Round the corner where blasts blow away half the border!

March, March!—I am ready to faint,
That Saint Patrick had not his festivity's keeping;
I am sure, if he had, such a peaceable lad
Would have never been born amid blowing and bleating;
But as it was his fate, Irishmen consolate
Doing what Doom or St. Paddy may order;
And if they're forced to fight [illegible] revenge for their right,
Though stick to their flag [illegible] on border.

March, March!—Have you no feeling,
  E'en for the fair sex who make us knock under?
You cold-blooded divil, you're far more uncivil
  Than Summer himself with his terrible thunder!
Every day we meet ladies down Regent Street,
  Holding their handkerchiefs up in good order;
But, do all that we can, the most merciful man
  Must see the blue noses peep over the border.

YOUNG MEN'S HEBREW ASSOCIATION
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MORNING, SWEET MORNING.

Morning, sweet morning, I welcome thy ray;
Life opens bright like the op'ning of day,
Waking to fragrance the fresh-blooming flow'rs,
Lighting with sunshine our earliest hours;
Evening, with shadows, is hurrying on,
Let us be gay ere the noontide be gone:—
For shadows increase, as the sunshine grows less;
Then gather the joys that our youth may possess!
Oh! morning, sweet morning, I welcome thy ray,
Life opens bright, like the op'ning of day!

The dew on the rose-bud at morning may lie,
And tear-drops will tremble in youth's sparkling eye,
But soon as the sun sheds his warmth and his light,
The dew-drops all vanish—the flow'rets are bright.
But, at cold evening, the dew falling fast,
Will rest on the rose—for the sunshine is past:—
And the tear-drop of age will be lingering thus,
When the sunshine of soul hath departed from us
Oh! morning, sweet morning, I welcome thy ray,
Life opens bright like the op'ning of day!

LOVE ME!

Love me! Love me!—dearest, love me!
  Let whate'er betide;
Though it be forbid by fate
  To bless me with a bride:
Our hearts may yet be link'd in one
  Though fortune frown above me,
That hope will gently guide me on,
  Then love me, dearest! Love me!

Love me, dearest! Dearest, love me!
  Brighter days may shine;
When thou shalt call me all thine own,
  And thou'lt be only mine!
But should that bliss be still denied,
  Still fortune frown above me,
Thou'lt be my choice—though not my bride,
  Then love me, dearest! Love me!

SERENADE.

Hark to my lute sweetly ringing!
List, love, to me;
Dearest, thy lover is singing—
Singing to thee;—
Yet, to the balcony stealing,
No mantled beauty I see,
No casement is dimly revealing
Thy fair form to me.

Peradventure thou art sleeping—my strain, love,
Meets not thine ear,
And visions, in shadowy train, love,
Haply appear.
Wake thee! and hearken to me, love,
If Fancy should whisper of ill;
But if thy dream be of me, love,
Oh! slumber still.

Their bright watch in Heaven now keeping,
Beams ev'ry star;
But the sweet eye that is sleeping
Brighter is far:—
For when the pale dawn advances
Tremulous star fires decay,
While e'en at noon-tide thy glance is
Bright as the day.

VICTORIA THE QUEEN.

All hail to the queen of the fair and the brave!
  Let the bold song of joy reach the skies!
Bright, bright o'er the foam of her own subject wave
  See the star of Victoria arise!
Young queen of the ocean, prophetic our fire
  To hail thee the greatest we've seen,
Hark! the thundering strain of the old sea-god's quire
  To welcome Victoria the queen!

May years full of honor and loyalty's love
  Be thine in thy place of renown;
To say that we honor thee, means not enough:
  For Britons all honor the crown.
But the crown that encircles young beauty's fair brow,
  With fonder devotion is seen,
And chivalry sheds its romance o'er the vow
  We pledge to Victoria the queen!

Long, long, royal maid, may the olive entwine
With the laurels that circle thy crown;
But if war should arouse the old Lion again,
'Twill be to increase thy renown:
To battle while rushing, each heart would beat high
To triumph, as wont we have been,
Propitious to conquest our bold battle-cry,
"Victoria for England's fair queen!"

SONG OF THE ITALIAN TROUBADOUR.

A TROUBADOUR gay from the Southland came forth,
And knelt to a golden-hair'd maid of the North,
"Farewell to the Southland, for ever," said he,
"I regret not my country while list'ning to thee;
For thy voice like an echo from Fairyland seems,
A voice made to waken a bard from his dreams;—
That might blend with his visions in regions of bliss,
And make him forget that he waken'd in this;
Then farewell to the Southland, the Northland for me,
'Tis my country, wherever I'm list'ning to thee!

"And as I look up in thy beautiful eyes,
How can I but think of my own sunny skies!
While thy bright golden ringlets, in love-meaning twine,
Outrival the tendrils that curl round the vine!
Then thy form, in its exquisite lightness, recalls
The statues I've left in fair Italy's halls;
And can I regret them, while looking on thee?
No! no! thou art everything endearing to me!
Then farewell to the Southland, [illegible] for me,
'Tis my country wherever I'm [illegible] thee!"

THE CHILD AND THE AUTUMN LEAF.

Down by the river's bank I stray'd
  Upon an autumn day;
Beside the fading forest there,
  I saw a child at play.
She play'd among the yellow leaves—
  The leaves that once were green,
And flung upon the passing stream
  What once had blooming been:
Oh! deeply did it touch my heart
  To see that child at play;
It was the sweet unconscious sport
  Of childhood with decay.

Fair child, if by this stream you stray,
  When after years go by,
The scene that makes thy childhood's sport,
  May wake thy age's sigh:
When fast you see around you fall
  The summer's leafy pride,
And mark the river hurrying on
  Its ne'er returning tide;
Then may you feel in pensive mood
  That life's a summer dream;
And man, at last, forgotten falls—
  A leaf upon the stream.

FATHER LAND AND MOTHER TONGUE.

Our Father land! and would'st thou know
  Why we should call it Father land?
It is, that Adam here below,
  Was made of earth by Nature's hand;
And he, our father, made of earth,
  Hath peopled earth on ev'ry hand,
And we, in memory of his birth,
  Do call our country, "Father land."

At first, in Eden's bowers they say,
  No sound of speech had Adam caught,
But whistled like a bird all day—
  And may be, 'twas for want of thought:
But Nature, with resistless laws,
  Made Adam soon surpass the birds,
She gave him lovely Eve—because
  If he'd a wife—they must have words.

And so, the NATIVE LAND I hold,
  By male descent is proudly mine;
The LANGUAGE, as the tale hath told,
  Was given in the female line.
And thus, we see, on either hand,
  We name our blessings whence they've sprung,
We call our country FATHER *land*,
  We call our language MOTHER *tongue*.

MY MOUNTAIN HOME.

My mountain home! My mountain home!
  Dear are thy hills to me!
Where first my childhood lov'd to roam—
  Wild, as the summer bee:
The summer bee may gather sweet
  From flow'rs in sunny prime;
And mem'ry brings, with wing as fleet,
  Sweet thoughts of early time:
Still fancy bears me to the hills,
  Where childhood lov'd to roam—
I hear—I see your sparkling rills,
  My own, my mountain home!

I've seen their noble forests wide,
  I've seen their smiling vale;
Where proudly rolls the silver tide
  That bears their glorious sail:—
But these are of the earth below;
  Our home is in the sky!
The eagle's flight is not more bright
  Than pinions that we may try!
While all around sweet echoes ring,
  Beneath heaven's azure dome;
Then, well the mountaineer may sing
  Of his own, my mountain home!

THE HOUR BEFORE DAY.

There is a beautiful saying amongst the Irish peasantry to inspire hope under adverse circumstances.—"Remember," they say, "that the darkest hour of all, is the hour before day."

BEREFT of his love, and bereaved of his fame,
A knight to the cell of the old hermit came;
"My foes they have slander'd and forced me to fly,
Oh, tell me, good father, what's left but to die?"
"Despair not, my son;—thou'lt be righted ere long—
For Heaven is above us to right all the wrong!
Remember the words the old hermit doth say,—
'Tis always the darkest, the hour before day!'

"Then back to the tourney and back to the court,
And join thee, the bravest, in chivalry's sport;
Thy foes will be there—and thy lady-love too,
And show *both*, thou'rt a knight that is gallant and true!"
He rode in the lists—all his foes he o'erthrew,
And a sweet glance he caught from a soft eye of blue.
And he thought of the words the old hermit did say,
For her glance was as bright as the dawning of day.

The feast it was late in the castle that night,
And the banquet was beaming with beauty and light;
But brightest of all is the lady who glides
To the porch where a knight with a fleet courser bides.
She paused 'neath the arch, at the fierce ban dog's bark,
She trembled to look on the night—'twas so dark;
But her lover, he whisper'd—and thus did he say,
"Sweet love, it is darkest, the hour before day."

'TWAS THE DAY OF THE FEAST.

When the annual tribute of the flag of Waterloo to the crown of England, was made to William the Fourth, a few hours before his Majesty's lamented death, on receiving the banner, the king pressed it to his heart, saying, "It was a glorious day for England;" and expressed a wish he might survive the day, that the Duke of Wellington's commemoration fête of the Victory of Waterloo might take place. A dying monarch receiving the banner, commemorative of a national conquest, and wishing, at the same time, that his death might not disturb the triumphal banquet, is at once so heroic and poetic, that it naturally suggests a poem.

'Twas the day of the feast in the chieftain's hall,
'Twas the day he had seen the foeman fall,
'Twas the day that his country's valor stood
'Gainst steel and fire, and the tide of blood.
And the day was mark'd by his country well—
For they gave him broad valleys, the hill and the dell,
And they ask'd, as a tribute, the hero should bring
The flag of the foe to the foot of the king.

'Twas the day of the feast in the chieftain's hall,
And the banner was brought at the chieftain's call;
And he went in his glory the tribute to bring,
And lay at the foot of the brave old king:

But the hall of the king was in silence and grief,
And smiles, as of old, did not greet the chief;
For he came on the angel of victory's wing,
While the angel of death was awaiting the king.

The chieftain he knelt by the couch of the king;
"I know," said the monarch, "the tribute you bring,
Give me the banner, ere life depart;"
And he press'd the flag to his fainting heart.
"It is joy, e'en in death," cried the monarch, "to say,
That my country hath known such a glorious day!
Heaven grant I may live till the midnight's fall,
That my chieftain may feast in his warrior hall!"

SECRETS WERE NOT MEANT FOR THREE.

Come with me where violets lie
  Like thine eye—hidden deep,
When their lurking glances blue
  Thro' long lashes peep;
There, amid the perfume sweet,
  Wafted on the balmy breeze,
Shelter'd by the secret shade
  Beneath the whisp'ring trees,
Whisp'ring there would I be too—
I've a secret, meant for you,
Sweeter than the wild bee's hum—
  Will you come?

Come not when the day is bright,
  But at night, when the moon
Lights the grove where nightingales
  Sing the lover's tune:—
But sweeter than the silver song
  That fair Philomel doth sing—
Sweeter than the fragrance fresh
  The flowers round us fling—
Sweeter than the poet's dream
By Castalia's gifted stream,
Is the tale I'll tell to thee—
    Come with me!

MY MOTHER DEAR.

There was a place in childhood that I remember well,
And there a voice of sweetest tone bright fairy [illegible] did tell,
And gentle words and fond embrace were [illegible]
When I was in that happy place, [illegible]

When fairy tales were ended, "Good-night," she [illegible]
And kiss'd, and laid me down to sleep, within my [illegible]
And holy words she taught me there—[illegible]
Her angel eyes, as close I knelt beside my [illegible]

In the sickness of my childhood, the pleasures of my [illegible]
The sorrows of my riper years; the cares of [illegible]
When doubt and danger weighed me down, [illegible]
me,
It was a fervent pray'r to Heaven that bless my mother's [illegible]

THE MEETING OF FOES AND THE MEETING OF FRIENDS.

Fill the cup! fill it high! Let us drink to the might
Of the manhood that joyously rushes to fight;
And, true to the death, all unflinching will stand,
For our home, and our hearth, and our own native land!
'Tis the bright sun of June, that is gilding the crest
Of the warriors that fight for their isles of the West;
The breeze that at morning but plays with the plume,
At evening may wave the red grass o'er the tomb;
The corn that has ripen'd in summer's soft breath,
In an hour may be reap'd in the harvest of death:
Then drink to their glory—the glory of those
Who triumph'd or fell in that meeting of foes.

. . . . . .

But fill the cup higher to drink to the friends
Bound fast in affection that life only ends;
Whose hearths, when defended from foes that have dared,
Are prized all the more when with friends they are shared!
Far better the wine-cup with ruby may flow,
To the health of a friend than the fall of a foe;

Tho' bright are the laurels that glory may twine,
Far softer the shade of the ivy and vine :—
Then fill the cup higher! The battle is won—
Our perils are over—our feast has begun!—
On the meeting of foemen, pale sorrow attends :—
Rosy joy crowns our meeting—the meeting of friends!

MOLLY BAWN.

I.

O Molly Bawn, why leave me pining,
All lonely waiting here for you?
The stars above are brightly shining,
Because—they've nothing else to do.
The flowers, late, were open keeping,
To try a rival blush with you,
But their mother, Nature, set them sleeping
With their rosy faces wash'd—with dew.
O Molly, &c.

II.

Now, the pretty flowers were made to bloom, dear,
And the pretty stars were made to shine,
And the pretty girls were made for the boys, dear,
And may be you were made for mine!
The wicked watch-dog here is snarling—
He takes me for a thief, you see;
Faith, he knows I'd steal you, Molly darling—
And then transported I should be.
O Molly, &c.

THE BIRTH [illegible]

I.

On the eighth day of March it was, some people say,
That Saint Patrick at midnight he first saw the day;
While others declare 'twas the ninth he was born,
And 'twas all a mistake between midnight and morn;
For mistakes will occur in a hurry and shock,
And some blamed the bobby—and some blamed the clock—
'Till with all their cross-questions sure no one could know
If the child was too fast—or the clock was too slow.

II.

Now the first factious fight in auld Ireland, they say,
Was all on account of Saint Patrick's birth-day;
Some fought for the eighth—for the ninth some will die,
And who wouldn't stand up, sure they knocked him in lie;
At last, both the factions united, [illegible]
Then [illegible] keep a little day for the sake of peace,
[illegible] Molocky, [illegible]
[illegible] one could have one little day for a [illegible]

III.

Says he, "Boys, don't be fighting for eight or for nine,
Don't be always dividing—but sometimes combine;
Combine eight with nine, and seventeen is the mark,
So let that be his birth-day"—"Amen," says the clerk.
"If he wasn't a twins, sure our hist'ry will show—
That, at least, he's worth any two saints that we know!"
Then they all got blind drunk—which completed their bliss,
And we keep up the practice from that day to this.

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THERE'S NO SUCH GIRL AS MINE.

I.

Oh there's no such girl as mine
In all the wide world round;
With her hair of golden twine,
And her voice of silver sound.
Her eyes are as black as the sloes,
And quick is her ear so fine,
And her breath is as sweet as the rose,
There's no such girl as mine!

II.

Her spirit so sweetly flows,
Unconscious winner of hearts,
There's a smile wherever she goes,
There's a sigh whenever she parts;
A blessing she wins from the poor,
To court her the rich all invite,
She's welcome at every door,
O there's no such girl as mine!

III.

She's light to the banquet hall,
  She's balm to the couch of care,
In sorrow—in mirth—in all—
  She takes her own sweet share.
Enchanting the many abroad,
  At home doth she brightest shine,
'Twere endless her worth to laud—
  There's no such girl as mine!

WHISPER LOW!

I.

In days of old, when first I told
  A tale so bold, my love, to thee,
In falt'ring voice I sought thy choice,
  And did rejoice thy blush to see;
With downcast eyes, thou heardst my sighs,
  And hope reveal'd her dawn to me,
As soft and slow, with passion's glow,
  I whisper'd low my love to thee.

II.

The cannon loud, in deadly breach,
  May thunder on the shrinking foe;
'Tis anger is but loud of speech—
  The voice of love is soft and low.
The tempest's shout, the battle's rout,
  Make havoc wild we weep to see;
But summer wind, and friends when kind,
  All whisper low, as I to thee.

III.

Now gallants gay in pride of youth,
  Say, would you win the fair one's ear,
Your votive pray'r be short, and sooth,
  And whisper low, and she *will* hear.
The matin bell may loudly tell
  The bridal morn, when all may hear;
But at the time of vesper chime
  Oh whisper low in beauty's ear.

THE PILGRIM HARPER.

I.

The night was cold and dreary—no star was in the sky,
When, travel-tired and weary, the harper raised his cry;
He raised his cry without the gate, his night's repose to win,
And plaintive was the voice that cried, "Ah, won't you let me in?"

II.

The portal soon was open'd, for in the land of song,
The minstrel at the outer gate yet never linger'd long;
And inner doors were seldom closed 'gainst wand'rers such as he,
For locks or hearts to open soon, sweet music is the key.

III.

But if gates are open'd by melody, so grief can close them fast,
And sorrow o'er that once bright hall its silent spell had cast;
All undisturb'd the spider there, his web might safely spin,
For gone a day so festive by—no harper was in [illegible]

IV.

But when this harper enter'd, and said he came from far,
And bore with him from Palestine the tidings of the war,
And he could tell of all who fell, or glory there did win,
The warder knew his noble dame would let *that* harper in.

V.

They led him to the bower, the lady knelt in prayer;
The harper rais'd a well-known lay upon the turret stair;
The door was oped with hasty hand, true love its meed did win,
For the lady saw her own true knight, when that harper was le
in!

GRIEF IS MINE.

I.

Grief is mine, since thou art gone,
Thou, my love, my secret one,
I hide my thoughts, and weep alone,
That none may hear or see;
But grief, tho' silent, tells its tale;
They watch my cheek, and see its pale;
But the cheek may fade, and the heart not fail—
I will still be true to thee.

II.

Oh! give me wings, sweet bird of love,
Soaring aloft in the bright blue grove,
There is hope in Heaven—for the earth is despair—
'Tis then I [illegible] my place of rest,
And fly unto [illegible]
Within his bosom to make my home,
And dwell for ever there.

* Pronounced Mhale aroon—signifying—"Come, my sweet one."

GENTLE LADY, HEAR MY VOW.

Gentle lady, hear my vow,
Hear my vow, nor bid me part
With the charms I gaze on now,
Love might tame the wildest heart.
Doubt not I will true remain,
Doubt not what those eyes inspire,
Vulcan forged the strongest chain
When Venus gave the fire!

Blame me not if vows I break,
Vows that I have made before;
Thine the power my faith to shake,
Yet to shake me still adore!
As mountain streams their brightness pour,
In tribute to the sovereign sea;
So, the loves I've known before,
All are lost in thee!

THE WEDDING OF THE ADRIATIC.

I.

Mark! Lady, mark,
Yon gilded bark
Beareth a duke in pride;
His costly ring,
Bravely to fling
And make the sea his bride.
Proud of her lord
All ocean smiles,
And with soft waves
Kisses our isles,
While her own mirror gorgeously
Doubles the pomp she loves to see.

II.

Vain is thy pride,
Seeking a bride
In the cold, faithless sea.
Why wouldst thou throw
Rich gems below,
She will be false to thee.

Dearer I hold
  Plain rings of gold
Binding two hearts
  Ne'er growing cold.
Proud lord, if thou hast rule o'er the sea,
Vast as the ocean true love can be.
Vain is thy pride,
Seeking a bride
  In the cold faithless sea.
Mine be the ring
    True love can bring—
    Such be the ring for thee!

AGUILA
NEW YORK.

GONDOLIER, ROW!

I.

GONDOLIER, row! row!
How swift the flight
Of time to-night,
But the gondolier so slow—
Gondolier, row! row!
The night is dark—
So speed thy bark
To the balcony we know.

II.

Gondolier, row! row!
One star is bright
With trembling light—
And the light of love is so,
Gondolier, row! row!
The wintry way
Will not betray
The path to where we go.

CUPID'S WING.

I.

The dart of Love was feathered first
From Folly's wing, they say,
Until he tried his shaft to shoot
In Beauty's heart one day;
He miss'd the maid so oft, 'tis said,
His aim became untrue,
And Beauty laugh'd as his last shaft
He from his quiver drew;
"In vain," said she, "you shoot at me,
You little spiteful thing—
The feather on your shaft I scorn,
When pluck'd from Folly's wing."

II.

But Cupid soon fresh arrows found,
And fitted to his string,
And each new shaft he feather'd from
His own bright glossy wing;
He shot until no plume was left,
To waft him to the sky,

And Beauty smiled upon the child,
When he no more could fly:
"Now, Cupid, I am thine," she said,
"Leave off thy archer play,
For Beauty yields—when she is sure
Love will not [illegible]"

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HEBREW DEPARTMENT

FORGIVE BUT DON'T FORGET.

I.

I'm going, Jessie, far from thee,
To distant lands beyond the sea;
I would not, Jessie, leave thee now,
With anger's cloud upon thy brow.
Remember that thy mirthful friend
Might sometimes *pique*, but ne'er *offend*;
That mirthful friend is sad the while,
Oh, Jessie, give a parting smile.

II.

Ah! why should friendship harshly chide
Our little faults on either side?
From friends we love we bear with those,
As thorns are pardon'd for the rose:—
The honey bee, on busy wing,
Producing sweets—yet bears a sting—
The purest gold most needs alloy,
And sorrow is the nurse of joy.

III.

Then oh! forgive me, ere I part,
And if some corner in thy heart
For absent friend a place might be,
Ah! keep that little place for me!—
"Forgive—Forget" we're wisely told,
Is held a maxim good and old,
But half the maxim's better yet,
Then, oh, *forgive* but *don't* forget!

I CAN NE'ER FORGET THEE.*

I.

It is the chime; the hour draws near
When you and I must sever;
Alas, it must be many a year,
And it *may* be for ever.
How long till we shall meet again:
How short since first I met thee;
How brief the bliss—how long the pain—
For I can ne'er forget thee.

II.

You said my heart was cold and stern;
You doubted love when strongest:
In future years you'll live to learn
Proud hearts can love the longest.
Oh! sometimes think when press'd to hear,
When flippant tongues beset thee,
That *all* must love thee when thou'rt near;
But *one* will ne'er forget thee!

* This and the following songs are from Handy Andy

III.

The changeful sand doth only know
  The shallow tide and latest;
The rocks have marked its highest flow,
  The deepest and the greatest;
And deeper still the flood-marks grow:—
  So, since the hour I met thee,
The more the tide of time doth flow,
  The less can I forget thee!

THE SNOW.

I.

An old man sadly said,
Where's the snow
That fell the year that's fled—
Where's the snow
As fruitless were the task
Of many a joy to ask,
As the snow!

II.

The hope of airy birth,
Like the snow,
Is stained on reaching earth,
Like the snow:
While 'tis sparkling in the ray
'Tis melting fast away,
Like the snow.

III.

A cold deceitful thing
    Is the snow,
Though it come on dove-like wing—
    The false snow!
'Tis but rain disguis'd appears;
And our hopes are frozen tears—
    Like the snow.

WHEN THE SUN SINKS TO REST.

I.

When the sun sinks to rest,
And the star of the west
  Sheds its soft silver light o'er the sea,
What sweet thoughts arise,
As the dim twilight dies—
  For then I am thinking of thee!
  Oh! then crowding fast
Come the joys of the past,
  Through the dimness of days long gone by,
Like the stars peeping out,
Through the darkness about,
  From the soft silent depth of the sky.

II.

And thus, as the night
Grows more lovely and bright,
  With the clust'ring of planet and star,
So this darkness of mine
Wins a radiance divine
  From the light that still lingers afar.

Then welcome the night,
With its soft holy light!
In its silence my heart is more free
The rude world to forget,
Where no pleasure I've met
Since the hour that I parted from thee.

THE SHOUT OF NED OF THE HILL.

I.

The hill! the hill! with its sparkling rill,
And its dawning air so light and pure,
Where the morning's eye scorns the mists that lie
On the drowsy valley and the moor.
Here, with the eagle I rise betimes;
Here, with the eagle my state I keep;
The first we see of the morning sun,
And his last as he sets o'er the deep;
And there, while strife is rife below,
Here from the tyrant I am free:
Let the shepherd slaves the valley praise,
But the hill!—the hill for me!

II.

The baron below in his castle dwells,
And his garden boasts the costly rose;
But mine is the keep of the mountain steep,
Where the matchless wild flower freely blows!

Let him fold his sheep, and his harvest reap,—
  I look down from my mountain throne;
And I choose and pick of the flock and the rick,
  And what is his I can make my own!
Let the valley grow in its wealth below,
  And the lord keep his high degree;
But higher am I in my liberty—
  The hill!—the hill for me!

SALLY.

"Sally, Sally, shilly, shally,
Sally, why not name the day?"
"Harry, Harry, I will tarry
Longer in love's flow'ry way!"
"Can't you make your mind up, Sally?
Why embitter thus my cup?"
"Harry, I've so great a mind,
It takes a long time making up."

"Sally, Sally, in the valley,
You have promised many a time,
On the sunny Sunday morning,
As we've heard the matin chime;
Heark'ning to those sweet bells ringing,
Calling grateful hearts to pray,
I have whispered—'Oh! how sweetly
They'll proclaim our wedding day!'"

"Harry, Harry, I'll not marry,
Till I see your eyes don't stray;
At Kate Riley, you, so slily,
Stole a wink the other day."
"Sure Kate Riley, she's my cousin:"
"Harry, I've a cousin too;
If *you* like such close relations,
I'll have cousins close as you."

"Sally, Sally, do not rally,
Do not mock my tender woe;
Play me not thus shilly shally,
Sally, do not tease me so!
While you're smiling, hearts beguiling,
Doing all a woman can;
Think—though you're almost an angel,
I am but a mortal man!"

THERE IS A GENTLE GLEAM.

I.

There is a gentle gleam when the dawn is nigh,
That sheds a tender light o'er the morning sky,
  When we see that light, we know
  That the noontide soon will glow,
  O, such the light I know
In my true love's eye.

II.

There is a blushing bud on the spring-tide bough
That tells of coming fruit—tho' 'tis fruitless now,
  So, the blush I love to trace
  O'er the beauty of that face
  Tells that love will come apace
As I breathe my vow.

III.

There are memories of the past which we all love well,
And the present rings its chime like a silver bell,
  But the future—all unknown,
  Hath a music of its own,
  For the promise of its tone
Can all else excel!

THE VOICE WITHIN.

I.

You ask the dearest place on earth,
Whose simple joys can never die;
'Tis the holy pale of the happy hearth,
Where love doth light each beaming eye!
With snowy shroud
Let tempests loud
Around my old tower raise their din;—
What boots the shout
Of storms without,
While voices resound within?
O! dearer sound
For the tempest round,
The voices sweet within!

II.

I ask not wealth, I ask not power;
But, gracious Heaven, oh, grant to me
That, when the storms of Fate may lower,
My heart just like my home may be!

When in the gale
Poor Hope's white sail
No haven can for shelter win,
Fate's darkest skies
The heart defies
Whose still small voice is sweet within!
Oh heavenly sound!
'Mid the tempest round,
That voice so sweet within!

ASK ME NOT WHAT I AM THINKING.

Ask me not what I am thinking,
  Why pale sadness sits on my cheek,
Not, when the full heart is sinking,
  Is the fit moment to speak;
Wait—only wait till to-morrow,
  When morn on my parting shall shine,
Perchance, in thine own silent sorrow,
  Thou 'lt guess at the meaning of mine.

Haply, at eve, when you wander
  Through the bloom and the sweets of thy bowers,
Thy thought of the hand will be fonder
  That yesterday gathered thee flowers;
And, though as bright ones be braided
  At night in thy rich raven hair,
The brow with regret will be shaded
  That he who adores is not there.

And, in the ball's mazy measure,
  Amidst all the homage of smiles,
Vainly the lurings of pleasure
  Around thee are spreading their wiles;
There, 'mong the many—a lone one;
  Vainly the revel may shine:
Midst all the mirth—thou 'rt mine own one,
  Though I am absent—I 'm thine!

A LEAF THAT REMINDS OF THEE.

I.

How sweet is the hour we give,
  When fancy may wander free,
To the friends who in memory live!—
  For then I remember thee!
Then, wing'd, like the dove from the ark,
  My heart, o'er a stormy sea,
Brings back to my lonely bark
  A leaf that reminds of thee!

II.

But still does the sky look dark,
  The waters still deep and wide;
Oh! when may my lonely bark
  In peace on the shore abide?
But through the future far,
  Dark though my course may be,
Thou art my guiding star!
  My heart still turns to thee!

III.

When I see thy friends I smile,
  I sigh when I hear thy name;
But they cannot tell the while
  Whence the smile or the sadness came.
Vainly the world may deem
  The cause of my sighs they know:
The breeze that stirs the stream
  Knows not the depth below.

SAY NOT MY HEART IS COLD.

I.

Say not my heart is cold,
  Because of a silent tongue;
The lute of faultless mould
  In silence oft hath hung.
The fountain soonest spent
  Doth babble down the steep;
But the stream that *ever* went
  Is silent, strong, and deep.

II.

The charm of a secret life
  Is given to choicest things:-
Of flowers, the flagrance rife
  Is wafted on viewless wings;
We see not the charmed air
  Bearing some witching sound;
And ocean deep is where
  The pearl of price is found.

III.

Where are the stars by day?
  They burn, though all unseen;
And love of purest ray
  Is like the stars, I ween:
Unmark'd is the gentle light
  When the sunshine of joy appears,
But ever, in sorrow's night,
  'Twill glitter upon thy tears!

WIDOW MACHREE.

I.

Widow *machree*, it's no wonder you frown,
Och hone! widow machree;
Faith, it ruins your looks, that same dirty black gown,
Och hone! widow machree.
How altered your air,
With that close cap you wear—
'Tis destroying your hair
Which should be flowing free:
Be no longer a churl
Of its black silken curl,
Och hone! widow machree!

II.

Widow machree, now the summer is come,
Och hone! widow machree;
When everything smiles, should a beauty look glum?
Och hone! widow machree.
See the birds go in pairs,
And the rabbits and hares—
Why even the bears

Now in couples agree;
And the mute little fish,
Though they can't spake, they wish,
Och hone! widow machree.

III.

Widow machree, and when winter comes in,
Och hone! widow machree.
To be poking the fire all alone is a sin,
Och hone! widow machree.
Sure the shovel and tongs
To each other belongs,
And the kettle sings songs
Full of family glee;
While alone with your cup,
Like a hermit *you* sup,
Och hone! widow machree.

IV.

And how do you know, with the comforts I've towld,
Och hone! widow machree,
But you're keeping some poor fellow out in the cowld,
Och hone! widow machree.
With such sins on your head,
Sure your peace would be fled,
Could you sleep in your bed,
Without thinking to see
Some ghost or some sprite,
That would wake you each night,
Crying, "Och hone! widow machree."

V.

Then take my advice, darling widow machree,
Och hone! widow machree.
And with my advice, faith I wish you'd take me,
Och hone! widow machree.
You'd have me to desire
Then to stir up the fire;
And sure Hope is no liar
In whispering to me,
That the ghosts would depart,
When you'd me near your heart,
Och hone! widow machree

THE QUAKER'S MEETING.

I.

A TRAVELLER wended the wilds among,
With a purse of gold and a silver tongue;
His hat it was broad, and all drab were his clothes,
For he hated high colors—except on his nose,
And he met with a lady, the story goes.
Heigho! *yea* thee and *nay* thee.

II.

The damsel she cast him a merry blink,
And the traveller nothing was loth, I think;
Her merry black eye beamed her bonnet beneath,
And the quaker he grinned, for he'd very good teeth,
And he ask'd, "Art thou going to ride on the heath?"
Heigho! *yea* thee and *nay* thee.

III.

"I hope you'll protect me, kind sir," said the maid,
"As to ride this heath over I'm sadly afraid;
For robbers, they say, here in numbers abound,
And I wouldn't 'for anything' I should be found,
For—between you and me—I have five hundred pound."
Heigho! *yea* thee and *nay* thee.

IV.

"If that is thee* own, dear," the quaker he said,
"I ne'er saw a maiden I sooner would wed;
And I have another five hundred just now,
In the padding that's under my saddle-bow,
And I'll settle it all upon thee, I vow!"
Heigho! *yea* thee and *nay* thee.

V.

The maiden she smil'd, and her rein she drew,
"Your offer I'll take—though I'll not take you;"
A pistol she held at the quaker's head—
"Now give me your gold—or I'll give you my lead—
'Tis under the saddle, I think you said."
Heigho! *yea* thee and *nay* thee.

VI.

The damsel she ripped up the saddle-bow,
And the quaker was never a quaker till now;
And he saw by the fair one he wish'd for a bride
His purse borne away with a swaggering stride,
And the eye that look'd tender, now only defied.
Heigho! *yea* thee and *nay* thee.

VII.

"The spirit doth move me, friend Broad-brim," quoth she,
"To take all this filthy temptation from thee,
For Mammon deceiveth—and beauty is fleeting;
Accept from thy *maai-d's* a right loving greeting,
For much doth she profit by this quaker's meeting."
Heigho! *yea* thee and *nay* thee.

* The inferior class of quakers make *thee* serve not only in the accusative case, but also do the duty of *thy* and *thine*.

VIII.

"And hark! jolly quaker, so rosy and sly,
Have righteousness more than a wench in thine eye,
Don't go again peeping girls' bonnets beneath,
Remember the one that you met on the heath,
Her name's *Jimmy* Barlow—I tell to your teeth!"
Heigho! *yea* thee and *nay* thee.

IX.

"*Friend* James," quoth the quaker, "pray listen to me,
For thou canst confer a great favor, d'ye see;
The gold thou hast taken is not mine, my friend,
But my master's—and truly on thee I depend
To make it appear I my trust did defend."
Heigho! *yea* thee and *nay* thee.

X.

"So fire a few shots through my clothes, here and there,
To make it appear 'twas a desp'rate affair."
So Jim he popped first through the skirt of his coat,
And then through his collar—quite close to his throat;
"Now once through my broad brim," quoth Ephraim; "I vote."
Heigho! *yea* thee and *nay* thee.

XI.

"I have but a brace," said bold Jim, "and they're spent,
And I won't load again for a make-believe rent."—
"Then"—said Ephraim—producing *his* pistols—"just give
My five hundred pounds back—or as sure as you live
I'll make of your body a riddle or sieve."
Heigho! *yea* thee and *nay* thee.

XII.

Jim Barlow was diddled—and though he was game
He saw Ephraim's pistol so deadly in aim,
That he gave up the gold, and he took to his scrapers,
And when the whole story got into the papers,
They said that "*the thieves were no match for the quakers.*"
Heigho! *yea* thee and *nay* thee.

THE DOVE SONG.

I.

Coo! Coo! Coo! Coo!
Thus did I hear the turtle dove,
Coo! Coo! Coo!
Murmuring forth her love;
And as she flew from tree to tree,
How melting seemed the notes to me—
Coo! Coo! Coo!——
So like the voice of lovers,
'Twas passing sweet to hear,
The birds within the covers,
In the spring-time of the year.

II.

Coo! Coo! Coo! Coo!
Thus the song's returned again—
Coo! Coo! Coo!
Through the shady glen;
But there I wandered lone and sad,
While every bird around was glad.

Coo! Coo! Coo!
Thus so fondly murmured they,
Coo! Coo! Coo!
While *my* love was away.
And yet the song to lovers,
Though sad, is sweet to hear,
From birds within the covers,
In the spring-time of the year.

LADY MINE!

I.

LADY mine! lady mine!
Take the rosy wreath I twine;
All its sweets are less than thine,
Lady, lady mine!
The blush that on thy cheek is found
Bloometh fresh the *whole* year round;
Thy sweet *breath* as sweet gives *sound*,
Lady, lady mine!

II.

Lady mine! lady mine!
How I love the graceful vine,
Whose tendrils mock thy ringlets' twine,
Lady, lady mine!
How I love that gen'rous tree,
Whose ripe clusters promise me
Bumpers bright,—to pledge to *thee*,
Lady, lady mine!

III.

Lady mine! lady mine!
Like the stars that nightly shine,
Thy sweet eyes shed light divine,
Lady, lady mine!
And as sages wise, of old,
From the stars could fate unfold,
Thy bright eyes my fortune told,
Lady, lady mine!

THE BOWLD SOJER BOY.

I.

Oh there's not a trade that's going
Worth knowing,
Or knowing,
Like that from glory growing
For a bowld sojer boy!
Where right or left we go,
Sure you know,
Friend or foe
Will have the hand or toe,
From a bowld sojer boy!
There's not a town we march thro',
But the ladies, looking arch thro'
The window-panes, will search thro'
The ranks to find their joy;
Each girl you meet
With look so sly,
Will cry,
"My eye!
In the snapping of a gun,"
Captivated standing the bowld sojer boy!

II.

But when we get the route,
How they pout
And they shout,
While to the right about
Goes the bowld sojer boy.
Oh, 'tis then that ladies fair
In despair
Tear their hair,
But "the divil-a-one I care,"
Says the bowld sojer boy!
For the world is all before us,
Where the landladies adore us,
And ne'er refuse to score us,
But chalk us up with joy:
We taste her tap,
We tear her cap—
"Oh, that's the chap
For me!"
Says she;
"Oh, isn't he a darling, the bowld sojer boy!"

III.

"Then come along with me,
Gramachree,
And you'll see,
How happy you will be
With your bowld sojer boy;
Faith! if you're up to fun,
With me run;
'Twill be done
In the snapping of a gun,"
"Says the bowld sojer boy."

"And 'tis then that, without scandal,
Myself will proudly dandle
The little farthing candle
Of our mutual flame, my joy!
May his light shine,
As bright as mine,
Till in the line
He'll blaze,
And raise
The glory of his corps, like a bowld sojer boy!"

THE SUNSHINE IN YOU.

I.

It is sweet when we look round the wide world's waste,
To know that the desert bestows
The palms where the weary heart may rest,
The spring that in purity flows.
And where have I found
In this wilderness round
That spring and that shelter so true;
Unfailing in need,
And my own, indeed?—
Oh! dearest, I've found it in you!

II.

And, oh when the cloud of some darkening hour
O'ershadows the soul with its gloom,
Then where is the light of the vestal pow'r,
The lamp of pale Hope to illume?
Oh! the light ever lies
In those bright fond eyes,
Where Heaven has impress'd its own blue,
As a seal from the skies;
And my heart relies
On that gift of its sunshine in you!

MACARTHY'S GRAVE

I.

The breeze was fresh, the morn was fair,
The stag had left his dewy lair;
To cheering horn and baying tongue,
Killarney's echoes sweetly rung.
With sweeping oar and bending mast,
The eager chase was following fast;
When one light skiff a maiden steer'd
Beneath the deep wave disappear'd:
While shouts of terror wildly ring,
A boatman brave, with gallant spring
And dauntless arm, the lady bore—
But he who saved—was seen no more!

II.

Where weeping birches wildly wave,
There boatmen show their brother's grave;
And while they tell the name he bore,
Suspended hangs the lifted oar:

The silent drops they idly shed,
Seem like tears to gallant Ned;
And while gently gliding by,
The tale is told with moistened eye.
No ripple on the slumb'ring lake
Unhallowed oar doth ever make
All undisturb'd, the placid wave
Flows gently o'er Macarthy's grave.

SONGS

OF THE

IRISH EVENINGS

SONGS OF THE IRISH EVENINGS.

THE TWO BIRDS.

I.

A bright bird lived in a golden cage,
So gently tended by groom and page,
And a wild bird came, her pomp to see,
And said, "I wish I could live like thee;
For thou canst sing,
And prune thy wing,
While dainty fare,
Thy slaves prepare."
The wild bird came, her pomp to see,
And said, "I wish I could live like thee!"

II.

Then from the cage came a plaintive voice,
Which bade the wild bird to rejoice,
"For I'd give my golden cage," said she,
"For thy humble perch on the wild-wood tree;

For thou canst sing,
On freedom's wing—
These bars of gold,
A slave enfold;
I'd give my golden cage," said she,
"For thy humble perch on the wild-wood tree."

III.

Then; when the bird of the wild-wood knew
The bright one weary of bondage grew,
He set the plaintive captive free,
And away they flew singing "Liberty!"
In joy they roam,
Their leafy home,
And trill the lay,
The live-long day—
The lay of love, from hearts set free,
For Love was blest with Liberty!

OH WATCH YOU WELL BY DAYLIGHT.

I.

Oh watch you well by daylight,
By daylight may you fear,
But keep no watch in darkness—
The angels then are near:
For Heaven the sense bestoweth,
Our waking life to keep,
But tender mercy showeth,
To guard us in our sleep.
Then watch you well by daylight,
By daylight may you fear,
But keep no watch in darkness—
The angels then are near.

II.

Oh watch you well in pleasure—
For pleasure oft betrays,
But keep no watch in sorrow,
When joy withdraws its rays:

For in the hour of sorrow,
As in the darkness drear,
To Heaven entrust the morrow,
For the angels then are near.
Oh watch you well by daylight,
By daylight may you fear,
But keep no watch in darkness—
The angels then are near.

THE LOW-BACKED CAR.

I.

When first I saw sweet Peggy,
'Twas on a market day,
A low-backed car she drove, and sat
Upon a truss of hay;
But when that hay was blooming grass,
And deck'd with flowers of spring,
No flower was there
That could compare
To the blooming girl I sing.
As she sat in her low-backed car,
The man at the turnpike bar
Never asked for the toll—
But just rub'd his gold poll,
And look'd after the low-backed car!

II.

In battle's wild commotion,
The proudest insignificant
With hostile scythes
Of Death, in warlike array,
I'd rather own that car, sir,
With Peggy by my side,
Than a coach and
And a

But Peggy—peaceful goddess,
Has darts in her bright eye,
That knock men down,
In the market town,
As right and left they fly!
While she sits in her low-backed car,
Than battle more dangerous far,
For the doctor's art
Cannot cure the heart
That is hit from that low-backed car.

III.

Sweet Peggy round her car, sir,
Has strings of ducks and geese,
But the scores of hearts she slaughters,
By far outnumber these;
While she among her poultry sits,
Just like a turtle dove,
Well worth the cage,
I do engage
Of the blooming God of Love.
While she sits in her low-backed car,
The lovers come near and far,
And envy the chickens
That Peggy is pickin'
While she sits in the low-backed car.

IV.

I'd rather own that car, sir,
With Peggy by my side,
Than a coach and four, and gold guineas*
And a lady fair for bride;

* Phrase.

For the lady would sit *formiss*[*] and,
On a cushion, made with taste,
While Peggy would be beside me,
With my arm around her waist,
As we drove in the low-backed car
To be married by Father Maher.
Oh my heart would beat high,
At her glance and her sigh,
Tho' it beat in a low-backed car.

[*] Before.

PADDY'S PASTORAL RHAPSODY.

I.

When Molly, th' other day, sir,
Was makin' of the hay, sir,
I ask'd her for to be my bride,
And Molly she began to chide;
Says she, "you are too young, dear Pat,"
Says I, "my jew'l, I'll mend o' that."
"You are too poor," says she beside,
And to convince her then I tried,
That wealth is an invintion
Which the wise should never mintion,
And that flesh is grass, and flowers will fade,
And it's better be wed than die an owld maid.

II.

The purty little sparrows
Have neither ploughs nor harrows,
Yet they live at aise and are contint,
Bekase, you see, they pay no rint.

They have no care nor flustherin',
About diggin' or *industherin'*,
No foolish pride their comfort hurts—
For they *eat* the flax and wear no shirts—
For wealth is an invintion, &c., &c.

III.

Sure Nature clothes the hills, dear,
Without any tailors' bills, dear,
And the bees they sip their sweets, my sowl,
Though they never had a sugar bowl,
The dew it feeds the rose of June—
But 'tis not from a silver spoon:
Then let us patthern take from those,
The birds, and bees, and lovely rose,
For wealth is an invintion, &c., &c.

IV.

Here's a cup to you, my darlin',
Tho' I'm not worth a farthin',
I'll pledge my coat to drink your health,
And then I'll envy no man's wealth;
For when I'm drunk I think I'm rich,
I've a feather bed in every ditch,
I dhrame o' you, my heart's delight,
And how could I pass a pleasanter night?
For wealth is an invintion, &c., &c.

WHAT WILL YOU DO, LOVE?

I.

"WHAT will you do, love, when I am going
With white sail flowing,
The seas beyond—
What will you do, love, when waves divide us
And friends may chide us
For being fond?"
"Tho' waves divide us—and friends be chiding,
In faith abiding,
I'll still be true!
And I'll pray for thee on the stormy ocean,
In deep devotion—
That's what I'll do!"

II.

"What would you do, love, if distant tidings
Thy fond confidings
Should undermine?—
And I, abiding 'neath sultry skies,
Should think other eyes
Were as bright as thine?"—

"Oh, name it not!—Tho' guilt and shame
Were on thy name
I'd still be true:
But that heart of thine—should another share it—
I could not bear it!
What would I do?"

III.

"What would you do, love, when home returning
With hopes high burning,
With wealth for you,
If my bark, which bounded o'er foreign foam
Should be lost near home—
Ah! what would you do?"—

"So thou wert spared—I'd bless the narrow,
In want and sorrow,
That left me you;
And I'd welcome thee from the wasting billow,
This heart thy pillow—
That's what I'd do!"

THE BEGGAR.

I.

'Twas sunset when
Adown the glen,
A beggar came with glee;
His eye was bright,
His heart was light,
His step was bold and free.
Until he danced a merry measure
To his rollick roundelay,
"Oh, a beggar's life is pleasure,
For he works nor night nor day!"

II.

"Let fathers toil,
Let mothers moil,
And daughters milk the kine;
What Lord can boast,
So brave a host
Of servants as are mine?
The world is my wide mansion,
Mankind my servants be,
And many a lady in the land
Would live and beg with me."

III.

The beggar laugh'd,
The beggar quaff'd,
While many a jest he told.
The miller swore
He ne'er before,
Such beggar did behold.
The mother filled his can,
And the daughter filled his
Did toast her as the loveliest lass
That eyes did ever see.

IV.

Now all is still,
Within the mill,
Even the goodwife's tongue.
All sleep but two—
You may guess who,
Or vainly I have sung.
The beggar cast his rags,
Her lover Mary spied,
The miller lost a daughter,
And the hunter gained a bride!

THE ROAD OF LIFE:

OR, SONG OF THE IRISH POST-BOY.

I.

Oh! youth, happy youth! what a blessing!
In thy freshness of dawn and of dew;
When hope, the young heart is caressing,
And our griefs are but light and but few:
Yet in life, as it swiftly flies o'er us,
Some musing for sadness we find;
In youth—we've our troubles before us,
In age—we leave pleasure behind.

II.

Aye—Trouble's the post-boy that drives us
Up hill, till we get to the top;
While Joy's an old servant behind us
We call on for ever to stop;
"Oh, put on the drag, Joy, my jewel,
As long as the sunset still glows;
Before it is dark 'twould be cruel,
To haste to the hill-foot's repose.

III.

But there stands an inn we must stop at,
  An extinguisher swings for the sign;
That house is but cold and but narrow,
  But the prospect beyond it's divine!
And there—whence there's never returning,
  When we travel—as travel we must;
May the gates be all free for our journey!
  And the tears of our friends lay the dust!

AQUILAR FREE LIBRARY

KITTY CREAGH.

I.

"Oh! tell me now where are you going,
Sweet Kitty Creagh?"
"To the glen where the hazels are growing,
I'm taking my way."
"The nuts are not ripe yet, sweet Kitty,
As yet we're but making the hay.
An autumn excuse
Is in summer no use,
Sweet Kitty Creagh."

II.

"What is it to you where I'm going,
Misther Maguire?
The twigs in the hazel glen growing
Make a good fire."
"The turf in the bog's nearer, Kitty,
And fitter for firing, they say;
Don't think me a goose,
Faith I *twig* your excuse,
Sly Kitty Creagh."

III.

"We're saving our turf for the winther,
Misther Maguire;
And your gibes and your jokes shall not hindher
What I require."
"Ah, I know why you're going there, Kitty,
Not *fire*, but a *flame* you should say
You seek in the shade
Of the hazel wood glade—
Sly Kitty Creagh!"

IV.

"There's a stream through that hazel wood flowing,
Sweet Kitty Creagh;
Where I see, with his fishing rod going,
Phelim O'Shea;
'Tis not for the nuts you are seeking,
Nor gath'ring of fuel in May,
And 'tis not catching trout
That young Phelim's about—
Sweet Kitty Creagh!"

DERMOT O'DOWD.

When Dermot O'Dowd coorted Molly M'Can,
They were sweet as the honey and soft as the down,
But when they were wed they began to find out
That Dermot could storm and that Molly could frown;
They would neither give in—so the neighbors gave out—
Both were hot, till a coldness came over the two,
And Molly would flusther, and Dermot would blusther,
Stamp holes in the flure, and cry out "wirrasthru!
Oh murther! I'm married,
I wish I had tarried;
I'm sleepless and speechless—no word can I say,
My bed is no use,
I'll give back to the goose
The feathers I plucked on last Michaelmas day."

"Ah!" says Molly, "you once used to call me a bird."
"Faix, you're ready enough still to fly out," says he.
"You said then my eyes were as bright as the skies,
And my lips like the rose—now no longer like me."
Says Dermot, "your eyes are as bright as the morn,
But your brow is as black as a big thunder cloud,
If your lip is a rose—sure your tongue is a thorn
That sticks in the heart of poor Dermot O'Dowd."

Says Molly, "you once said my voice was a thrush,
But now it's a rusty ould hinge with a creak;"
Says Dermot, "you call'd me a duck when I courted,
But now I'm a goose every day in the week.
But all husbands are geese, though our pride it may shock,
From the first 'twas ordained so by Nature, I fear,
Ould Adam himself was the first o' the flock,
And Eve, with her apple sauce, cooked him, my dear."

THE ROYAL DREAM.

I.

Upon a couch of royal state A LADY fair reposed,
And wrapt in pleasing visions bright her soft blue eye was closed,
And, in that dream so beautiful, a mountain sprite was seen,
Whose brow was circled with a wreath of triple leaves so green.
Then sang the sprite, "Oh! LADY bright! why seek a foreign shore,
And leave, unseen, thine island green, where loyal hearts adore?
Oh! you never met such welcome yet—ne'er saw such sunny smile,
As will greet thee on thy landing in thine own Emerald Isle."

II.

And as THE LADY dreamed, she smiled, and, waking, spoke her mind—
"Prepare my bravest ships and spread their white wings to the wind,
And bear me to the verdant isle the spirit showed to me,
The fairest spot I yet have seen within my subject sea."

The fav'ring gale soon filled the sail—the brave ships make the shore—
A fairy bark then seeks the strand, amid the cannons' roar;
And her banner glitter'd in the sun—for Heaven itself did smile,
On the landing of THE LADY, in her own Emerald Isle.

But THE LADY hears the million-shout above the cannons' roar,
That thunder-burst of loyal hearts along the echoing shore!
And *her* noble heart it echoed too—and thus did echo say,
"I ne'er so proudly felt my power as on this glorious day!"
It was a glorious day indeed—fond bosoms beating high—
A blessing hung on ev'ry tongue—devotion in each eye.
Oh! brightest day of all her sway, the day she won the smile
That did greet THE LADY, landing in her own Emerald Isle!

CENTRAL RESERVE
CIRCULATING DEPARTMENT

CENTRAL RESERVE

THE VENETIAN LOVE CHASE.

I.

A SEA-NYMPH, fond and fair,
  She loved a gondolier,
  Who loved her songs to hear
Upon the stilly air,
Over the deep lagune,
Where the midnight moon,
Her silver path display'd;
A path for lovers made:
  But, ah! that light,
  So soft and bright,
Is sometimes crossed by shade.
  But, lovers—do not fear,
    Tho' the moon forsake the night,
    For heaven hath other light,
  For a faithful gondolier.

II.

And, night by night, more far,
  The gondolier would stray;
  Allured by that soft lay,
And lit by one bright star.

Bolder and bolder, he,
Over the sounding sea,
Pursued that witching strain;
But, ah! the lover's pain,
When to the shore,
With weary oar,
He sadly turned again.
But still he kept good cheer,
"For so fair a prize," said he,
"I still must bolder be!"
Oh! fearless gondolier.

III.

At length so bold he grew,
That, when the storm would rise,
And rayless were the skies,
Across the deep he flew.
Seeking that syren sound—
When tempests raged around,
He deadly dangers sought;
For, life he held at naught,
Unless the charm,
That nerv'd his arm,
Love's sweet rewardings brought.
Oh, timid lovers, hear,
How the blue-eyed nymph, at last,
For his dangers, bravely past,
Bless'd her gallant gondolier.

THE DREAMER.

I.

"Dreaming—dreaming—dreaming!—
Dreamer, what dreamest thou?"
"I dream of a lovely valley,
I dream of a mountain brow,
I dream of a mouldering ruin,
I dream of a turret tall,
And I dream of the verdant ivy
That clings to that castle wall:
And I think as I gaze
Through fancy's haze,
Of a fairy hand, so fair,
That pluck'd the bright leaf
In an hour—too brief,
And wreathed it in her dark hair."

II.

"Dreaming—dreaming—dreaming!—
Dreamer, awake, and rise!
For sparkling things are round thee
To win for thine own bright prize.

Of the past there is no returning,
The future uncertain gleams,
Be thine, then, the joys of the present,
Away with thy bardic dreams!"
"No—the dream is more sweet
Of those hours—too fleet,
When that fairy hand so fair,
Did pluck the bright flow'r
From her own sweet bow'r,
To wreathe in the raven hair."

AGUILAR
CENTRAL RESERVE

KEVIN: A LEGEND OF GLENDALOUGH.

I.

At Glendalough lived a young saint,
In odor of sanctity dwelling,
An old-fashion'd odor, which now
We seldom or never are smelling;
A book or a hook were to him
The utmost extent of his wishes;
Now, a snatch at the "lives of the saints,"
Then, a catch at the lives of the fishes.

II.

There was a young woman one day,
*Stravagin'** along by the lake, sir,
She looked hard at St. Kevin, they say,
But St. Kevin no notice did take, sir.
When she found looking hard wouldn't do,
She look'd soft—in the old sheep's-eye fashion;
But, with all her sheep's eyes, she could not
In St. Kevin see signs of soft passion.

* Sauntering

III.

"You're a great hand at fishing," says Kate,
"'Tis yourself that knows how, faith, to hook them,
But, when you have caught them, *agra*,
Don't you want a young woman to cook them?"
Says the saint, "I am '*sayrious inclined*,'
I intend taking orders for life, dear."
"Only marry," says Kate, "and you'll find
You'll get orders enough from your wife, dear."

IV.

"You shall never be flesh of my flesh,"
Says the saint, with an anchorite groan, sir;
"I see that, myself," answer'd Kate,
"I can only be 'bone of your bone,' sir,
And even your bones are so scarce,"
Said Miss Kate, at her answers so glib, sir;
"That, I think you would not be the worse
Of a little additional rib, sir."

V.

The saint, in a rage, seized the lass,
He gave her one twirl round his head, sir,
And, before Doctor Arnott's invention,
Flung Kate on a watery bed, sir.
Oh!—cruel St. Kevin!—for shame!
When a lady her heart came to barter,
You should not have been Knight of the Bath,
But have bowed to the order of Garter.

MOTHER, HE'S GOING AWAY.

Mother.

Now what are you crying for, Nelly?
  Don't be blubbering there like a fool;
With the weight o' the grief, faith, I tell you
  You'll break down the three-legged stool;
I suppose now you're crying for Barney,
  But don't b'lieve a word that he'd say,
He tells nothing but big lies and blarney,
Sure you know how he sarved poor Kate Karney.

Daughter.

But Mother?—

Mother.

Oh, bother!

Daughter.

Oh, mother, he's going away?
  And I dreamt th' other night
  Of his ghost—*all in white!*

(*Mother.—In an under tone.*

The dirty blackguard!)

Daughter.

Oh, mother, he's going away.

II

Mother.

If he's going away all the better,—
Blessed hour when he's out o' your sight!
There's one comfort—you can't get a letter—
For you're [illegible]
Sure, 'twas only last week you protested,
Since he coorted fat Jinney McCray,
That the sight o' the scamp you detested,
With abuse sure your tongue never rested!

TEA-TABLE TACTICS.

They may talk of the ruin
That Bacchus is brewing,
But if my advice a young soldier would ask, sir,
I would say that the hiccups
Are safer than tea-cups;
So beware of the *chaynee*, and stick to your flask, sir.
Had I stood to my bowl,
Like a gay jovial soul,
By this time I might be a general officer,
But I dallied with Sally,
And Betty, and Ally,
And lost all my time with their *tay* and their coffee, sir—
Oh! *tay* is a dangerous drink,
When the lady that makes it's a beauty;
With her fingers so *nate*
She presents you a plate,
And to cut bread and butter she puts you on duty;

Then she pouts her bright lips,
While the Congou she sips,
And her sweet mouth some question demanding,
Puts your heart beyond all self-commanding,
Through the steam of the tea-pot her eyes shine [illegible],
And Venus again makes a conquest of Mars.

II.

When I entered the army,
At first it did charm me;
Says I, "by St. Patrick, I'll yet live in story:
When war is announced—"
But a petticoat flounced,
With a *nate* bit o' lace, it ensnared me from glory.
Had I mounted the breach,
Glory's lesson to teach,
I might have escaped, and a pension be paying me;
Instead of soft folly
With Nanny or Molly,
Which bound me, like Sampson, while Cupid was slaying me.
Oh! *tay* is a dangerous drink, [illegible]

THEY SAY MY SONGS ARE ALL THE SAME.

They say my songs are all the same,
Because I only sing of thee:
Then be it so—and let them blame—
Such thoughts are dearer far to me
Than all the voice of Fame!
Let plaudits ring and fame reply,
Ah—sweeter far thy gentle sigh!
Let critics frown—I laugh the while—
What critic's frown is worth thy smile?
They say, &c., &c.

Poor critic!—had'st thou but the chance
To win my Stella's dazzling glance,
When votive wreath of song I twine,
To lay on love's immortal shrine.
Could'st thou but see the mantling blush
Rewarding passion's lay,
Thou would'st not bid me nay—
Then, loveless critic, hush!
They say, &c., &c.

Go, blame the rose's lovely hue,
Blame the bright sky for being blue,
Blame time when made of happiest hours,
Blame perfume shed from sweetest flow'rs.
And then blame me for being fond
Of something, all these sweets beyond!—
Then be my songs all still the same,
  For I will always sing of thee.
Thus be it so—and *let* them blame—
  Such thoughts are dearer far to me
Than all the voice of fame!

SONGS FROM THE NOVEL OF TREASURE TROVE.

THE SOLDIER.

I.

'Twas a glorious day, worth a warrior's telling,
Two kings had fought, and the fight was done,
When 'midst the shout of victory swelling,
A soldier fell on the field he won.
He thought of kings and of royal quarrels,
And thought of glory without a smile;
For what had he to do with laurels?
He was only one of the rank and file.
But he pulled out his little *cruisheen*,*
And drank to his pretty *colleen*,†
"Oh darling!" says he, "when I die
You won't be a widow—for why?—
Ah! you never would have me, *courneen*."‡

* A drum-bottle. † Girl. ‡ A term of endearment.

II.

A raven tress from his bosom taking,
That now was stained with his life stream shed;
A fervent prayer o'er that ringlet making,
He blessings sought on the loved one's head.
And visions fair of his native mountains
Arose, enchanting his fading sight;
Their emerald valleys and crystal fountains
Were never shining more green and bright;
And grasping his little cruiskeen,
He pledged the dear Island of Green:—
"Though far from thy valleys I die,
Dearest isle, to my heart thou art nigh,
As though absent I never had been."

III.

A tear now fell—for as life was sinking,
The pride that guarded his manly eye
Was weaker grown, and his last fond thinking
Brought heaven and home, and his true love, nigh.
But with the fire of his gallant nation,
He scorn'd surrender without a blow!—
He made with Death capitulation,
And with warlike honors he still would go;
For draining his little cruiskeen,
He drank to his cruel *colleen*,
To the emerald land of his birth—
And lifeless he sank to the earth,
Brave a soldier as ever was seen!

LOVE AND SORROW OR MARY'S LAY.

I.

The flower of the valley was Mary on earth,
Her smiles all bewitching were lovely to see,
The bees round her humming, when summer was gone,
When the roses were fled—might take her for one.
Her laugh it was music—her breath it was balm;
Her heart, like the lake, was as pure and as calm,
Till love o'er it came, like a hawk o'er the dell
And made the heart beat of sweet Mary on earth.

II.

She loved—and she wept: for was gladness e'er known
To dwell in the bosom that Love makes his own?
His joys are but moments—his griefs are for years,
He comes all in smiles—but he leaves all in tears.
Her lover was gone to a far distant land,
And Mary, in sadness, would pace the lone strand;
And tearfully gaze o'er the dark rolling sea,
That parted her soldier from Mary on earth.

LOVE AND HOME AND NATIVE LAND.

I.

When o'er the silent deep we rove,
More fondly then our thoughts will stray
To those we leave—to those we love,
Whose prayers pursue our watery way:
When in the lonely midnight hour
The sailor takes his watchful stand,
His heart then feels the holiest power
Of love, and home, and native land.

II.

In vain may tropic climes display
Their glittering shores—their gorgeous shells;
Though bright birds wing their dazzling way,
And glorious flowers adorn the dells;
Though nature there prolific, pours
The treasures of her magic hand,
The eye—but not the heart, adores:
The heart still beats for native land.

MY NATIVE TOWN.

I.

We have heard of Charybdis and Scylla of old;
Of Maelstrom the modern enough has been told;
Of Vesuvius's blazes all travellers bold
Have established the bright renown;
But spite of what ancients or moderns have said
Of whirlpools so deep, or volcanoes so red,
The place of all others on earth that I dread
Is my beautiful native town.

II.

Where they sneer if you're poor, and they smart if you're rich;
They know every cut that you make in your stitch;
If your hose should be darn'd, they can tell every stitch;
And they know when your wife got a gown.
The *old* one, they say, was made *new*—for the last;
And they're sure you love mice—for you can't keep a cat;
In the hot flame of scandal how blazes the fat,
When it falls in your own native town.

III.

If a good stream of blood chance to run in your veins,
They think to remember it not worth the pains,
For *losses* of caste are to them all the *gains*,
So they treasure each base renown.
If your mother sold apples—your father his oath,
And was cropp'd of his ears—yet you'll hear of them both,
For loathing all low things they never are loath,
In your virtuous native town.

IV.

If the dangerous heights of renown you should try
And give all the laggards below the go-by,
For fear you'd be hurt with your climbing so high,
They're the first to pull you down.
Should Fame give you wings, and you mount in despite,
They swear Fame is wrong, and that they're in the right,
And reckon you *there*—though you're far out of sight,
Of the owls of your native town.

V.

Then give me the world, boys! that's open and wide,
Where honest in purpose and honest in pride,
You are taken for *just what you're worth* when you're *tried*,
And have paid your reckoning down.
Your coin's not mistrusted—the critical scale
Does not weigh ev'ry piece, like a huxter at sale;
The mint-mark is on it—although it might fail
To pass in your native town.

OUR OWN WHITE CLIFF.

I.

The boat that left yon vessel's side,
Swift as the sea-bird's wing,
Doth skim across the sparkling tide
Like an enchanted thing!
Enchantment, there, *may* bear a part,
Her might is in each oar,
For love inspires each island heart
That nears its native shore,
And as they gaily speed along,
The breeze before them bears their song:
"Oh, merrily row, boys—merrily!
Bend the oar to the bounding skiff,
Of every shore
Wide ocean o'er,
There's none like our own white cliff!"

II.

Through sparkling foam they bound—they dart—
  The much-loved shore they nigh—
With deeper panting beats each heart,
  More brightly beams each eye!
As on the crowded strand they seek
  Some well-known form to trace,
In hopes to meet some blushing cheek,
  Or wife, or child's embrace;
The oar the spray now faster flings,
More gaily yet each seaman sings:
    "Oh, merrily row, boys—merrily!
    Send the oar to the bounding cliff,
      Of every shore,
      Wide ocean o'er,
    There's none like our own white cliff!"

THE MOUNTAIN DEW

I.

By yon mountain tipp'd with cloud,
By the torrent foaming loud,
By the dingle where the purple bells of heather grow,
Where the Alpine flowers are wild,
And where bounds the timide kid;
There we've wander'd both together through the mountain dew.
With what delight in summer's night we trod the twilight gloom!
The air so full of fragrance from the flow'rs so full of bloom,
And our hearts so full of joy—for aught else there was no room,
As we wander'd both together through the mountain dew.

II.

Those sparkling gems that rest
On the mountain's hoary breast,
Are like the joys we number—they are bright and few,
For a while to earth are given,
And are exhal'd again to heaven,
When the spirit of the morning steals the mountain dew.
But memory, angelic, makes a heaven on earth for us,
Her rosy light recalleth bright the dew-drops lost of yore;
The warmth of love exhales them from their well-remembered glow
Where we wander'd both together through the mountain dew.

THE LADY'S HAND.

To horse! to horse! the trumpet sings,
'Midst clank of spear and shield;
The knight into his saddle springs,
And rushes to the field;
A lady lock'd from out her bow'r,
A stately knight drew near,
And from her snowy hand she dropt
Her glove upon his spear;
He placed it on his helmet's crest
And join'd the gallant band;
"The lady's glove but now is mine,
But soon I'll win the hand!"
Above the plunging tide of fight
Their plumes now dance like spray;
And many a crest of note and might
Bore proudly through the fray;
But still the little glove was seen,
The foremost of the band,
And deadly blows the fairest fell
From that fair lady's hand,

Before him every foeman flies!
His onset none can stand!
More fatal e'en than lady's eyes
Was that fair lady's hand.

And now the trumpet sounds retreat,
The foeman droops his crest;
The fight is past—the sun has set,
And all have sunk to rest—
Save one—who spurs his panting steed
Back from the conquering band,
And he who won the lady's glove,
Now claims the lady's hand.
'Tis won—'tis won!—that gallant knight
Is proudest in the land—
Oh! what can move the heart like sight
Like hope of lady's hand.

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FĀG AN BEALACH.*

[This song occurs in a scene of [illegible] "[illegible]," but might equally belong to many other periods of the history of Ireland, a harassed land, which has been forced to nurse, in secret, many a deep and dead desire.]

I.

Fill the cup, my brothers,
To pledge a toast,
Which, beyond all others,
We prize the most:
As yet 'tis but a notion
We dare not name:
But soon o'er land and ocean
'Twill fly with fame!
Then give the game before us
One view holla,
Hip! hurra! in chorus,
Fāg an Bealach.

II.

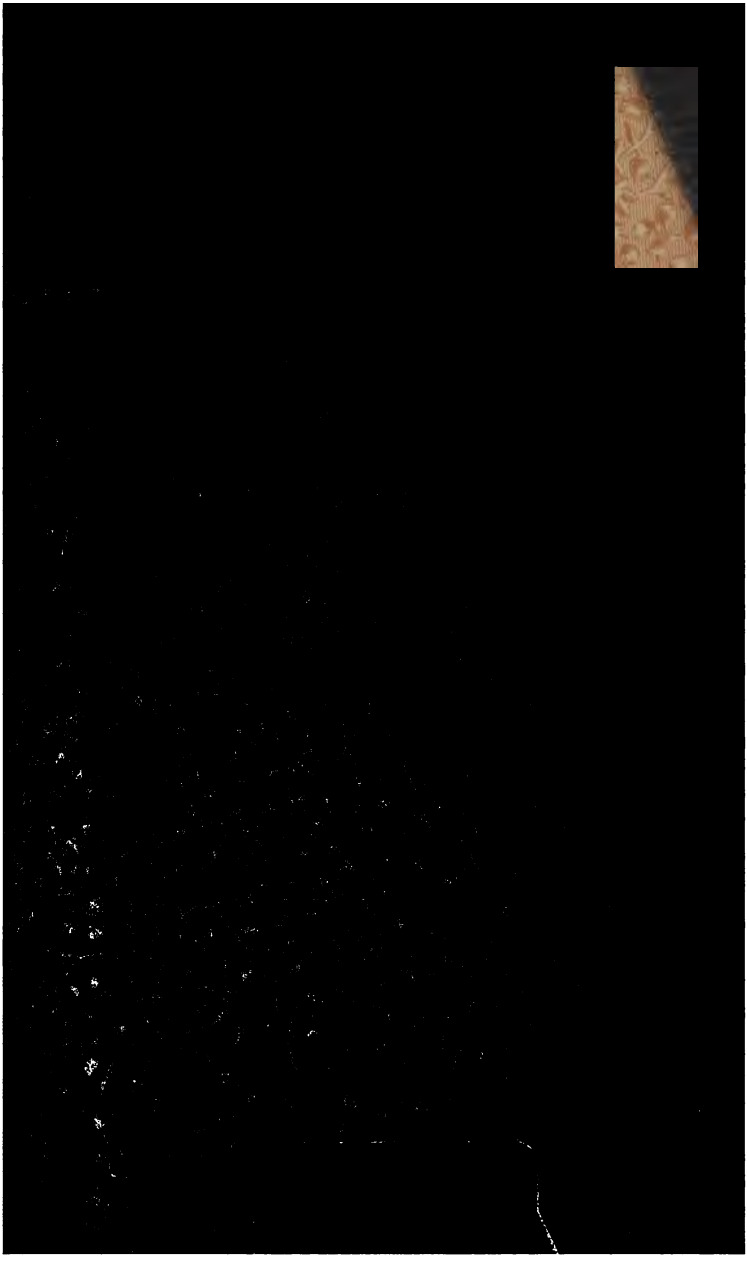
We our hearts can fling, boys,
O'er this notion,
As the sea-bird's wing, boys,
Dips the ocean.

* Pronounced, *Fuag a Bolla*, meaning "leave the road," or "[illegible] way."

'Tis the sleep for weary boys,
The thought we know!
So, like the unwinking buoys,
We wink and go:
For dangers deep, surrounding
Our hopes might swallow;
So through the tempest bounding,
Fág an Beallach.

III.

This thought with glory rife, boys,
Did brooding dwell,
Till time did give it life, boys,
To break the shell:
'Tis in our hearts yet lying,
An unfledged thing;
But soon, in eaglet flying,
'Twill take the wing!
For 'tis no timeling frail, boys—
No summer swallow—
'Twill live through winter's gale, boys,
Fág an Beallach.

Lawyers may indict us
By crooked laws,
Soldiers strive to fright us
From country's cause;
But we will sustain it
Living—dying—
Point of law or bay'net
Still defying!

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